



THE **Tatler**

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 12 Feb. 1964



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Tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 251 / NUMBER 3259

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JOHN OLIVER

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Double take on the cover gives the chance to look, and look again, at a bright new spring coat for a bright new season. It's in turquoise tweed, fastened with eight pearly buttons, by Mono, and costs £13 19s. 6d. at D. H. Evans, and Darling's of Edinburgh. The jaunty white bowler by Dolores Boutique is 35s. 9d. at Dickins & Jones. The cover is by Lidbrooke who also photographed the debutante fashions chosen by Unity Barnes, page 322 onwards. For Muriel Bowen's list of parties and dances for the Season of '64, turn to the social section starting on page 303. See also Philip Townsend's photographs in *After the Ball* on page 317

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

George Washington Birthday Ball, the Dorchester, 20 February. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. dinner and wine. MAY 7400.)

"Unheard Of" Ball, Savoy 25 February, in aid of the National Deaf Children's Society. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner. GUL 4352.)

Pineapple Ball, Grosvenor House, 26 February, in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys.

Dockland Settlements dinner, Grocers' Hall, 28 February.

Royal Ocean Racing Club Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 4 March. (Details, Mr. A. Paul, HYD 5252.)

Opera Ball, Grosvenor House, 5 March, in aid of the English Opera Group.

Cardinal's Ball, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, 6 March. (Tickets, 3½ gns., from P. W. Jones, St. Catherine's.)

Summer Collection by Lachasse, Winter Gardens, Eastbourne, 6 March, 3 p.m. & 8 p.m. in aid of S.S.A.F.A. (Tickets, afternoon 12s. 6d., evening 6s., inc. tea and refreshments, from the Winter Gardens.)

Hunt Balls: Vine, Corn Exchange, Newbury, 14 February. **Grafton**, Courteenhall; **N. Cotswold**, Lygon Arms, Broadway, 28 February.

Point-to-points: Bullington Club, Crowell, Berks.; **Staff**

College & R.M.A., Tweseldown, Aldershot, 15 February. **United Services**, Larkhill, 22 February. **Beaufort**, Didmarton; **Army**, Tweseldown; **Cambridge University United Hunts**, Cottenham; **Sparkford Vale Harriers**, 29 February.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Fontwell Park, today; Warwick, 13; Newbury, 14, 15; Plumpton, Stratford-on-Avon, Catterick Bridge, 15; Birmingham, 17, 18; Sandown Park, 19 February.

RUGBY

New Zealand v. Barbarians, Cardiff, 15 February.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Rigoletto*, today, 15, 19 February, 7.30 p.m.; *Aida*, 13, 18, 21 February, 7 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Ondine*, 14, 17, 20 February, 7.30 p.m.; *The Two Pigeons*, *The Firebird*, 15 February, 2 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. London Mozart Players, cond. Blech, 8 p.m., tonight; L.S.O., cond. Dorati, 8 p.m., 13 February; Philharmonia, cond. Klemperer, 8 p.m., 14 February; Ernest Read Children's Concert, 11 a.m., 15 February; Duke Ellington & Orchestra,

6.30 p.m., 9.15 p.m., 15 February; Young Vienna Trio, 3 p.m., 16 February; Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 16 February; Tito Gobbi (baritone), with L.S.O., cond. Downes, 8 p.m., 17 February; Haydn Orchestra, cond. Newstone, 8 p.m., 18 February. (WAT 3191.)

Wigmore Hall, London Piano-forte series. Dorothea Braus, 3 p.m., 16 February. (WEL 8418.)

Bishopsgate Institute. Ifor James Wind Ensemble, 1.5-1.50 p.m., 18 February. (WEL 8418.)

ART

Goya & His Times, Royal Academy, to 1 March.

"Royal Children," the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, to 1 March.

Canadian Painting. Tate Gallery, 7 February-22 March.

Soundings One, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, to 16 February. (See Galleries, page 334.)

Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 11 March.

City of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall, 13 February-7 March.

Robert Rauschenberg, Whitechapel Art Gallery, to 26 February.

Six Greek Artists, Drian Galleries, Porchester Place, to 28 February.



This abstract by Richard Watson is in the exhibition of creative photography at the Upper Gallery in the Whitechapel Art Gallery. The exhibition, organized for the L.C.C. by Michael Taylor, is open to the public on Wednesday evenings from 4.30-7.30 and on Saturdays from 10-12.30 and 2-4.30 until 21 March. The gallery is open, by appointment, to lecture tour parties from Tuesday to Friday. The exhibition covers creative photography from the work of Julia Margaret Cameron to that of some leading photographers of today. It has also a section showing pictures by students from several photographic colleges.

FIRST NIGHTS

New Arts. Hedda Gabler, tonight.

Royal Court. *Spoon River*, 13 February.

Hampstead Theatre Club. *The Tower*, 20 February.

BRIGGS by Graham

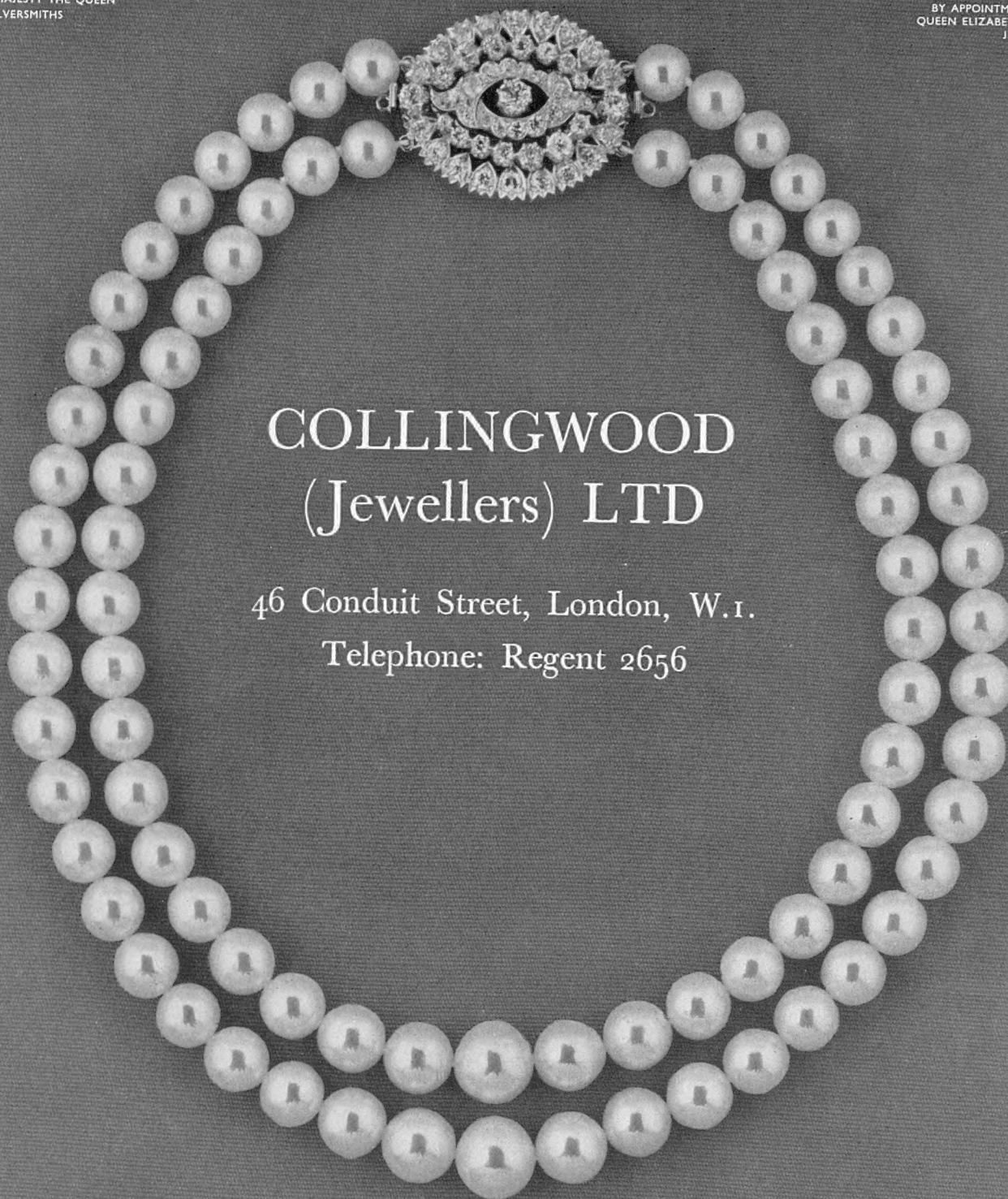




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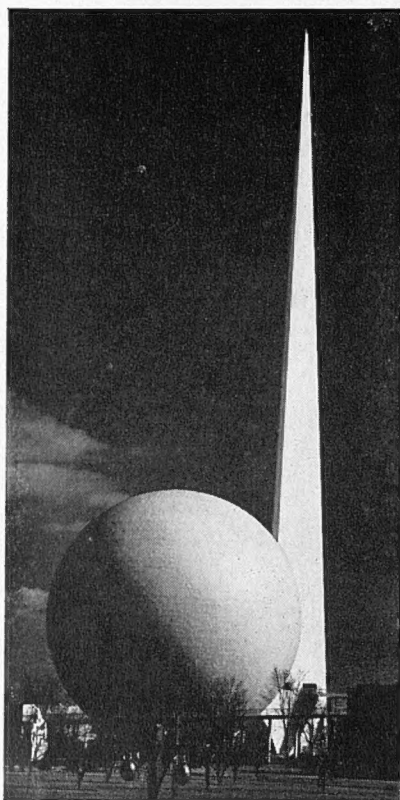


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Flanagans, Baker Street, upper end. (WEL 0287.) Open midday to midnight seven days a week. A faithful if somewhat over-elaborate reconstruction, from genuine old pieces and furniture, of a turn-of-the-century fish saloon, with room for over 100, mostly in the traditional "loose-boxes." But it is more than that, for here you will find the favourite dishes of Edwardian London. Tripe & onions, Irish stew, steak & kidney pudding, as well as a wide choice of fish, including smoked sprats and fried skate, both of which are excellent. And they know how to make real mulligatawny soup, the genuine winter-warmer. They will also serve to order that wonderful thirst-raiser, a grilled Yarmouth bloaters. Flanagans is, incidentally, fully licensed and the draught Guinness in good condition, even if it is 5s. a pint. Of course they serve Irish coffee. The waiters and waitresses, friendly, cheerful people, in keeping with the atmosphere, are dressed to match the decor, top hats, boaters and all. An amusing place for an evening out, and not at all expensive. For a sovereign a head, including ale, you can do well. Also very popular at lunchtime. Same ownership as the Contented Sole. W.B.

Where to stay in London (1)

St. George's Hotel, Langham Place. (LAN 0111.) If I were manager Mr. S. C. Cattermole I would be proud of the new Trust Hotel in his charge. Consisting of the top six floors of a 14-floor block looking down on Broadcasting House, it is organized like a ship, in that the reception desk, Octave Room restaurant, and so on, are on top, and you go below to the "decks" of bedrooms. There are 83 rooms with accommodation for 150 guests, arranged in suites with separate sitting rooms, bed-sitting rooms, and studio rooms, which can take one or two people. The charges per day per person are respectively £5 10s. to £9, £4 10s. to £7 10s. and £3 5s. to £5, with 10

per cent service charge. I found the rooms spacious, pleasantly furnished in modern style with attractive colour schemes, and provided with all comforts, including television sets—and, of course, a splendid view over London. When I was a small boy I used to be taken to St. George's Hall to see Maskelyne & Devant's magic. This hotel is on its site, and that of the Queen's Hall. I believe that some of the Maskelyne family live in the block, and are still in the magic profession.

Wine note

If you want a wine to go with fried cod and chips—and there are two fashionable fish and chip shops in London—choose a white wine from the Côte de Beaune, the Maconnais or Pouilly Fuissé. This advice is given in Harvey's 1963-64 edition of their list, which adds: "And you can omit the vinegar, because the wine will do its job of counteracting the fat." The list, as always, is beautifully produced, with line drawings by Leonard Rosoman and maps by Sheila Waters, and is full of information not only about wine, but the food to go with it, for example eel and Moselle, a sweet sherry with mince pies, and port with roast chestnuts.

Guides, home and away

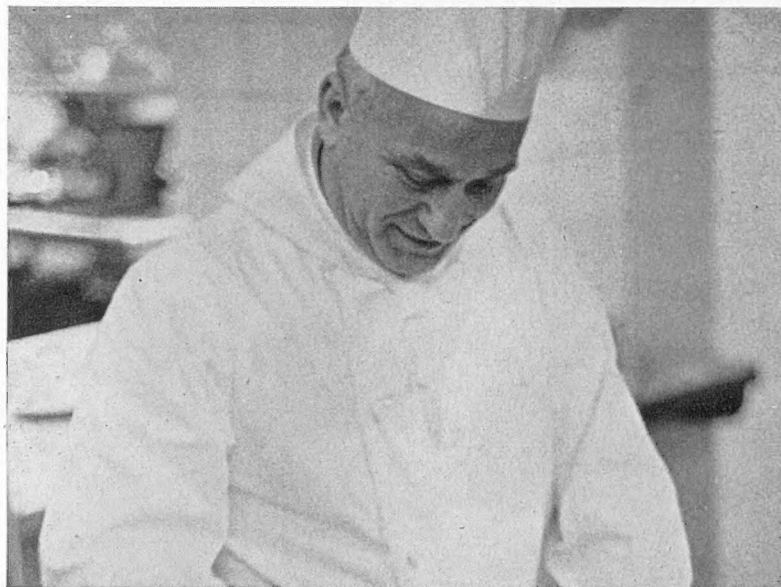
For no more than six shillings, **Hotels and Restaurants in Britain**, published by the British Travel & Holidays Association, is first-class value for money. It gives useful information about some 4,000 hotels and restaurants, and is designed for quick reference. It has many good touring maps, as well as maps of leading towns, gives details of charges, and all the information one wants when deciding which hotel to use.

Talking of guides, in April Michelin will publish for the first time an annual red guide to Germany, costing £1, and in four languages. In July, in French, a new regional green Michelin guide is due—Côte de l'Atlantique. The red Italy guide will be out at the end of January, and the famous red guide to France on 19 March, costing £1 5s.

. . . . and a reminder

Pine Room, Harrington Hall Hotel, 11 Harrington Gardens, (FRE 4477.) Quite small with a definite atmosphere and grills as a speciality. (This was incorrectly called the Oak Room in our issue of January 29.)

Golden Carp, 8a Mount Street, (GRO 3385.) Small and elegant, and not too expensive.



Chef to American Presidents and European royal families, Anthony Macerollo was one of three chefs from the USA who prepared the food at the recent American Culinary Festival held at the London Hilton. Born in Italy, he joined the Mayflower Hotel, Washington D.C., in 1931; he is now executive chef there

PAUL VINCENT



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Dresses—First Floor.

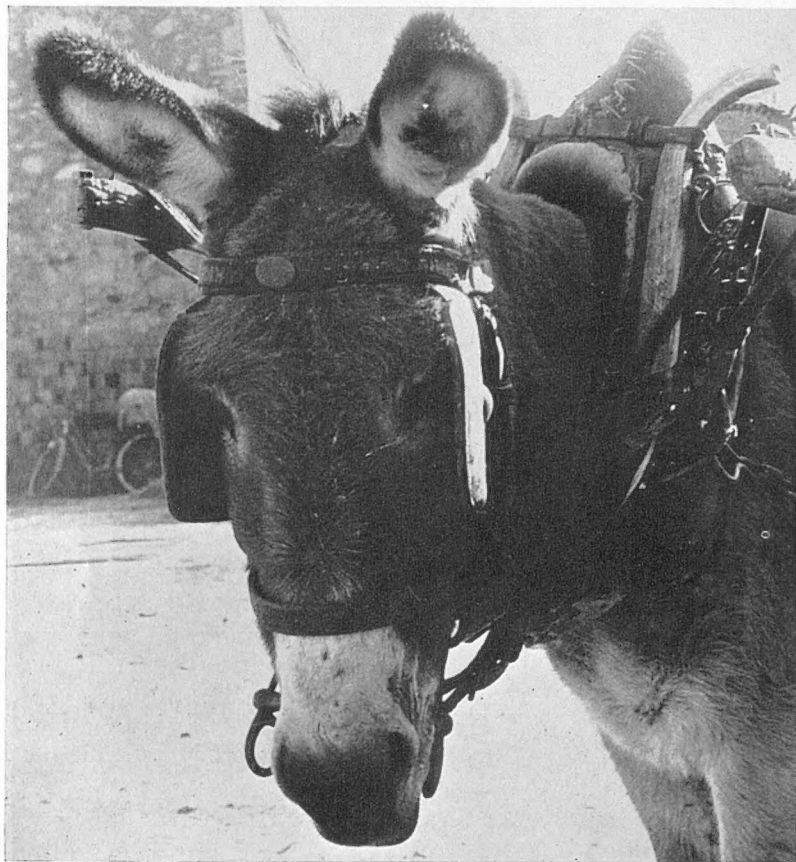
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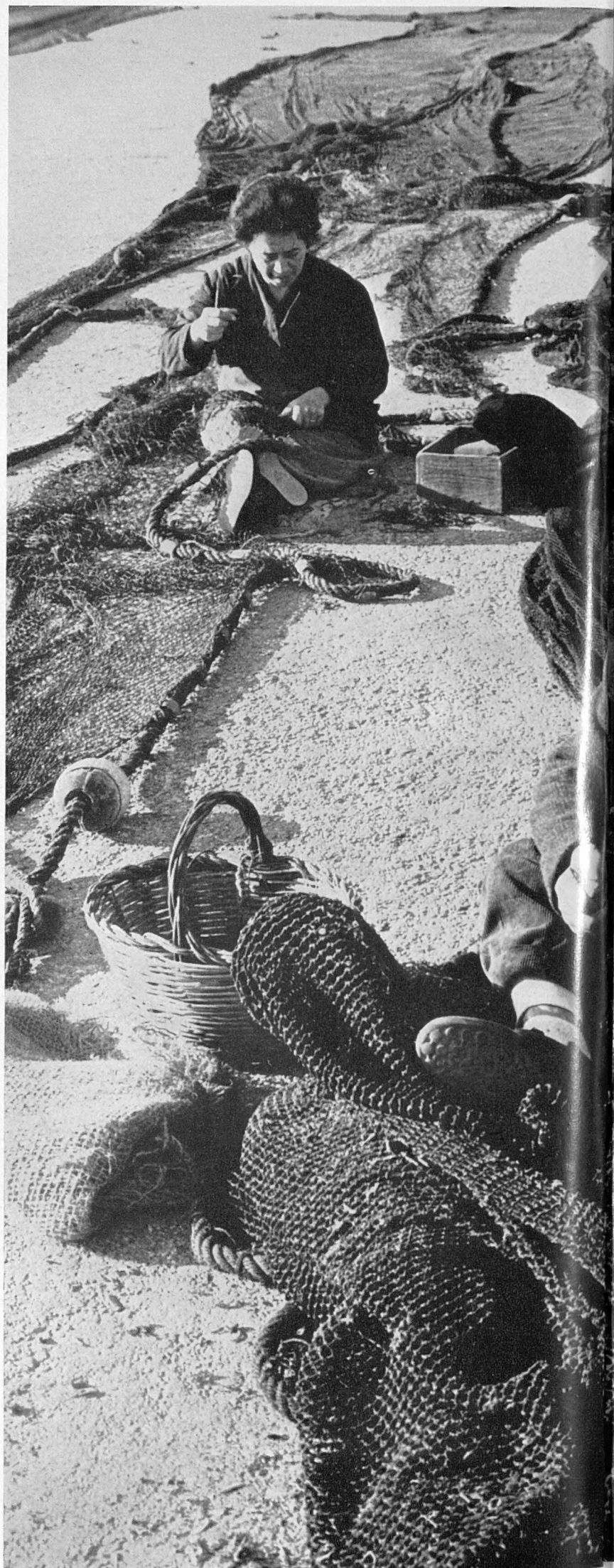
And at Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham, Manchester, Scarborough, Southport.

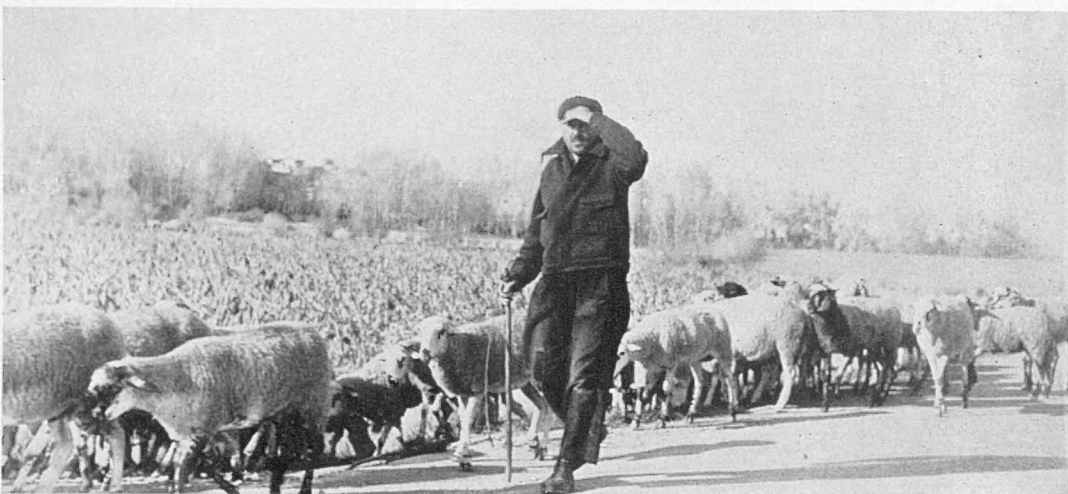
A SEA CHANGE

It's something to do with tides or the moon, perhaps, but the sea is associated with change from legend to history to today. Latest example of a sea-change has occurred along the Costa Brava, from Blanes in the south to Port Bou in the north. Photographer Crispian Woodgate went there and found the image altered. Not so long ago Costa Brava meant strong, taciturn men embarking daily on the tough fight against the elements. Later it became one of the more desirable resorts for the British. Now the emphasis is securely fixed on the holiday aspect. The entire coast is in the grip of a feverish building programme: bungalows, hotels, bars, service stations and supermarkets are going up, modern in style and not to everyone's taste. But the local inhabitants appreciate the tourist boom; once-proud fishermen can earn enough money to spend the winter playing cards by being summer tourist guides; the sower of nets has become the weaver of hats and the old trades are winter hobbies. It means refrigerators and more money; it means instant coffee and plastic flowers.



El burro—the donkey—is the symbol of Spain; tough, hardworking, living on its basic needs. The older generation are like that too, such as these fisherfolk mending their nets (*right*). The women help the men in these tasks. This couple were seen at Tossa, now a stronghold of American tourism





Top: General Franco's great white hope—a 1,000-bedroomed hotel, blasted out of solid rock between Sa Riera and Sa Tuna. It attracts the holidaymakers as do individual modern villas (*next picture*) which, together with a rotting boat, symbolize the wind of change on the Costa Brava. But just inland, life goes on as before and the shepherd drives his flock along basic roads. Finally, snow in Palafrugel, unusual sight but the natives sit it out, playing cards and planning for summer visitors

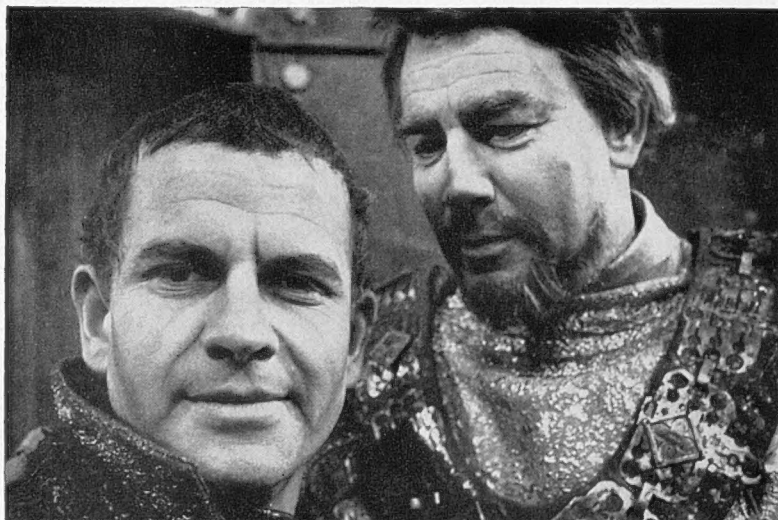
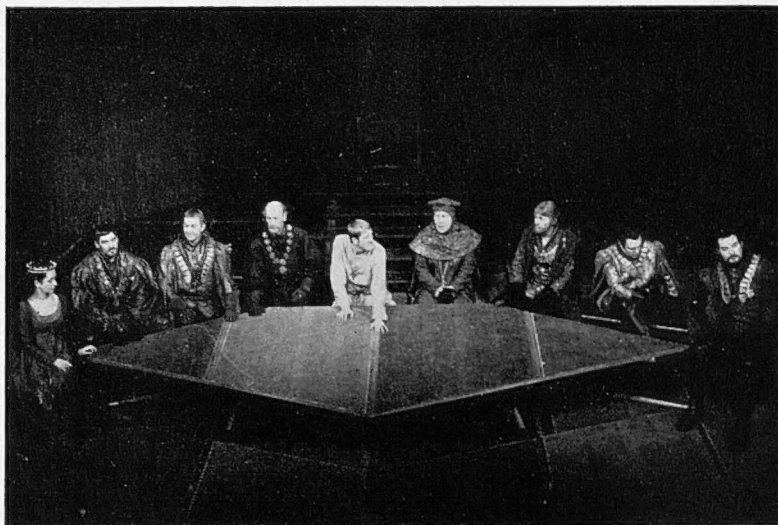
Flowers of Death

One of the bloodiest centuries in English history is graphically presented in the sequence of Shakespeare's history plays collectively titled *The Wars of the Roses* at the Aldwych. The trilogy consists of the three Henry VI plays, cut and edited into two parts—the second retitled *Edward IV*—and *Richard III*. Done with eminent success at Stratford last summer, the Royal Shakespeare Company is kicking off its contribution to the Shakespeare 400th birthday celebrations with a presentation of the plays in London lasting until March.

The feuds begin when the young Henry VI marries Margaret of Anjou, secured for him by Suffolk, against the wishes of Warwick the King-maker who considered a union with the Dauphin's sister would end the wars with France. In an early scene (*top*) feelings near the surface. Margaret, played by Peggy Ashcroft (left), is included in the council's decisions. She has the approval of the Red Rose faction, Suffolk and Somerset (Michael Craig and John Hussey, next to her), the suspicion of Gloucester (John Welsh) on whom the king (David Warner, centre) relies, the cynical appreciation of Winchester (Nicholas Selby), the active dislike of the White Rose faction, Exeter and York (Donald Burton and Donald Sinden) and, naturally, the utter disapproval of Warwick (Brewster Mason, right).

The tensions already expressed burst into a series of violent battles, and in *Edward IV* the Kentish rebel Jack Cade (Michael Craig, *middle picture*) incited by York, causes a deal of trouble for the throne. He and his followers are eventually slain and disbanded; the saintly Henry VI retires into seclusion but Margaret, now ageing and embittered, continues the fight and the scythe of death cuts through the warring families, finally moving from faction and mission to be personified in one man (*bottom picture*) and his private ambitions—York's third son, the deformed Richard, Duke of Gloucester (Ian Holm, with Paul Hardwick as Buckingham) whose defeat at the Battle of Bosworth Field marks the end of the Plantagenets and, with the accession of Henry VII, the foundation of the Tudor dynasty.

The editing of the plays by John Barton, the direction by Peter Hall (with John Barton and Frank Evans), and the designs by John Bury ensure complete clarity in this clangorous saga



PHOTOGRAPHS: MORRIS NEWCOMBE



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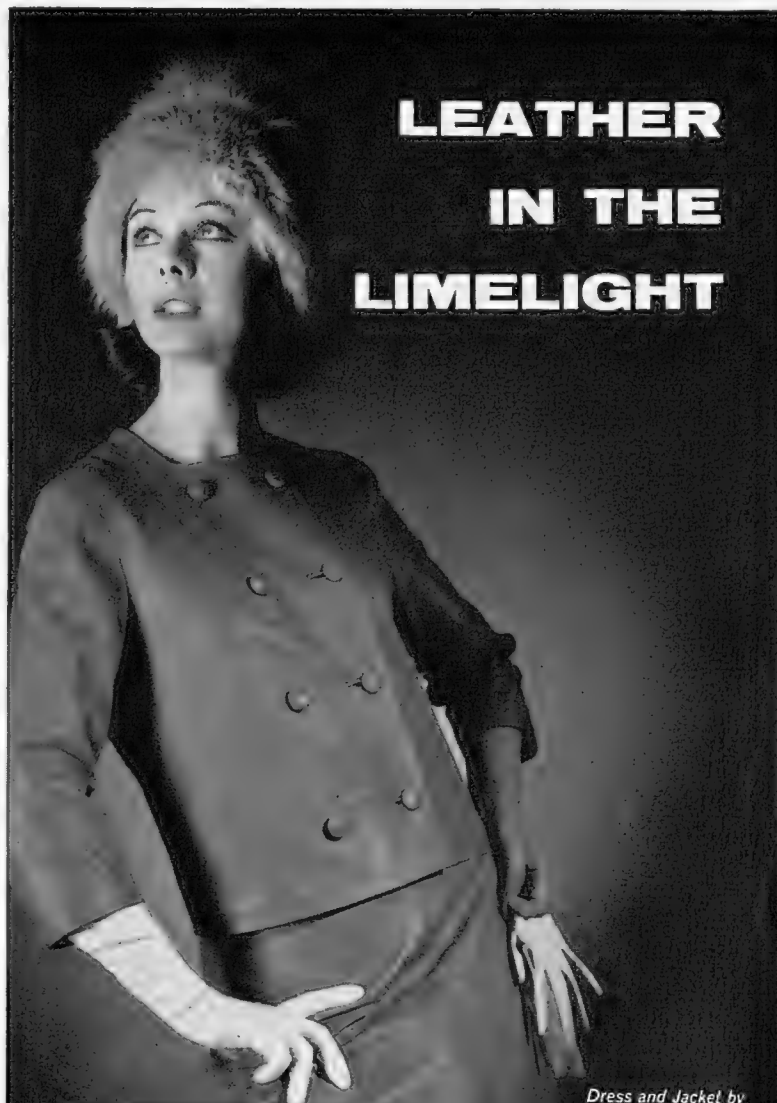
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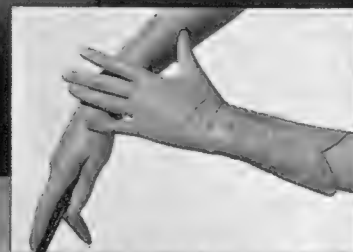
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Dates in a diary for the London season run in close-packed columns of parties and dances from 2 May, when the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition opens, until 1 August, when Cowes Week begins. It's a marathon that has to be run each year by debutantes like Jane Powell-Brett, seen in Barry Swaebe's picture with Sally her spaniel. Jane, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. F. B. Powell-Brett, will have her own party in London on 30 April. Turn overleaf for Muriel Bowen's full list of dances and private parties with more pictures of some of the debutantes in the season of 1964

Private Dances 1964

April

Friday 10

Lady Glenarthur and the Hon. Mrs. Robertson-Aikman for their daughter the Hon. Victoria Arthur and Sarah Sue Hamilton at the County Buildings, Ayr

Friday 24

Mrs. Philip Derbyshire and Mrs. E. Crosfield for their daughters Andora Derbyshire and Susan Balding at Rempstone Hall, nr. Loughborough

Tuesday 28

Mrs. W. G. Sedgwick Rough and Mrs. John Peel for their daughters June and Sally at Kingston Wood, Royston, Herts

Wednesday 29

Mrs. H. S. H. Guinness and Mrs. C. W. Aschan for Mrs. Aschan's daughter Juliet and for the coming-of-age of her son David, at 6, Cheyne Walk

May

Tuesday 5

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House

Saturday 9

Mrs. John Pryor for her daughter Elizabeth at Weston Park, Hitchin

Saturday 9

Mrs. Denise Neal for her

daughters, Mrs. David May and Comtesse Louis Carlet de la Roziere and for the coming-of-age of her son, Baron Nicolas van den Branden de Reeth

Tuesday 12

The Hon. Mrs. Clifford Wolff and Mrs. Paul Lindo for their daughters Antoinette and Philippa—a cocktail dance in London

Wednesday 13

Mrs. Philip German-Ribon for her daughter Teresa at 16 Victoria Road, W.8

Thursday 14

The Cygnets Ball at Claridge's

Monday 18

Mrs. Peter Hughes for her daughter Isobel at Furneaux Pelham Hall, Buntingford, Herts

Thursday 21

Mrs. John Wade and Mrs. Lance Martin for Lauren Wade and Mrs. Martin's ward Torill Ackers—dinner-dance at the Hyde Park Hotel

Friday 22

Mrs. Trevor Smail for her daughters Bridget and Susan at Edgeworth Manor, Gloucestershire

Saturday 23

The Hon. Mrs. John Ashley Cooper and Mrs. Edward Colville for their daughters Susan and Caroline and for the coming-of-age of Mrs. Colville's son Tom at Boveridge Park, Cranborne, Dorset (lent by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Combe)

Mrs. Peter Grace for her daughter Joanna Kingdon at Old Hurst, Milford, Surrey

Mrs. Richard Barbour for her daughter Adèle at Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire

Thursday 28

Mrs. John Brady and Mrs. Beville Pain for Miss Charlotte Chenevix Trench—cocktail-dance in London

Friday 29

The Hon. Mrs. Lyle and Lady Colquhoun of Luss for their daughters Diana and Iona at Pimlico House, Hemel Hempstead (lent by the Countess of Arran)

Saturday 30

Lady Roberts for her daughter Deborah at Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk

Mrs. Peter Fleming for her daughter Kate at Merrimoles House, Nettlebed, Oxon

Mrs. Noel Leigh Taylor, Mrs. John Shaw and Mrs. Peter Johnson for their daughters Prudence, Virginia and Caroline at Farnham, Surrey

June

Monday 1

Viscountess Reidhaven for her sister Jean Illingworth in London

Tuesday 2

Mrs. F. H. Tate for her daughter Caroline—cocktail-dance at the Hyde Park Hotel

Saturday 6

Mrs. Daniel Goedhuis for her daughter Diana at Bighton House, Bighton, Alresford, Hants

Lady Bell and Mrs. Alexander Marland for their daughters Peta Bell, and Pinky and Ainsley Marland, in the National Trust Gardens at Hidcote Manor, Chipping Campden, Glos



YEVONDE

Miss Amalia Meinertzhagen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Luke Meinertzhagen, will share her dance with her brother, Nicholas, on 3 November



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Jacqueline Birch, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Simon Birch, will have her dance on 30 September



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Philippa Lindo, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Lindo, will share her dance with Antoinette Clifford Wolff, on 12 May



**Tuesday 9**

Mrs. Griffith Pugh and Mrs. Ione Cassel for their daughters Harriet and Miranda at Quaglino's

Thursday 11

Mrs. W. Graham Miller for her daughter Carolyn at the River Room, Savoy

Friday 12

Mrs. W. J. Keswick for her daughter Teresa in London

Mrs. George Spice for her daughter Andrea at Wintney Court Farm, Hartley Wintney, Hants

Saturday 13

The Hon. Mrs. Rose Price for her daughter Sarah at Tetworth, Ascot

Mrs. David Bonsor for her daughter Caroline at Wiverton Hall, Notts (lent by her father Major-Gen. Sir Miles Graham)

Mrs. Sydney Eaton for her daughter Mary at Luddesdown Court, nr. Gravesend, Kent

Monday 15

Mrs. Arthur Leveson and Mrs. Samuel Soames for their daughters Anne and Eveline at Broadlands, Sunninghill, Berks

Tuesday 16

Mrs. White Spinner, Lady Stewart-Richardson and Mr. W. G. Agnew for their daughters Augusta, Claudia and Veronica at New Barn, Winkfield, Berks

Wednesday 17

Guards' Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Left: Miss Berenice Walker-Smith, daughter of Sir Derek & Lady Walker-Smith, will have her dance on 2 October



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Mary Charteris, daughter of Sir Martin & the Hon. Lady Charteris, will have her dance on 8 July

Miss Rosalind Hoare daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rollo Hoare will have her dance on 27 June

Thursday 18

Mrs. Timothy Gurney and Mrs. Richard Tyler for their daughters Lucinda and Camilla at the Pitt Club, Cambridge

Mrs. Peter Bennett for her daughter Scilla in Sussex

Friday 19

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Clifford and The Hon. Mrs. Gerard Vanneck for their daughters Cecilia and Christina at the Guards' Boat Club

Mrs. Ernest Godbold for her daughter Diana and for the coming-of-age of her son Geoffrey at the Savoy

Mrs. Peter Hawksfield for her daughter Margaret at Oakleigh Farm, Shipley, nr. Horsham

June Ball at Sandhurst

Saturday 20

Mrs. Richard Warlow-Harry for her daughter Kester at Westfields, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire

Mrs. Lawrence Robson for her daughter Kristina at Kiddington Hall, Woodstock, Oxon

Mrs. J. C. B. Thompson for her daughter Rowena, small dance at The White House, Barrowby, Grantham

Mrs. John Hathorn for her daughter Gina in Hampshire

Monday 22

Lady Jean Christie for her daughter Carolyn, small dance on M.V. *Royal Sovereign* at Tower Pier

Tuesday 23

Sir John Gilmour and Mrs. John Beith for her daughter Jane Gregory-Hood at the River Room, Savoy

Wednesday 24

Mrs. Derek Schreiber for her daughter Susan at Bellasis House, Dorking

Thursday 25

Mrs. Paul Bowman for her daughter Amanda in London

Friday 26

The Hon. Mrs. Claud Phillimore for her daughter Miranda at 42, Lowndes Street

Mrs. Ralph Merton for her daughter Marie-Jane Levasseur at The Old Rectory, Burghfield, Berks

Miss Antoinette Clifford Wolff, daughter of Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Clifford Wolff, will have her dance on 12 May



BARRY SWAEBE



BARRY SWAEBE

Miss Lucy Parsons, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Parsons and of Mrs. W. E. Barrington-Browne will have her dance on 24 October



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Sarah Greenly, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Greenly, will have her dance on 23 July



HARUP

Miss Joanna Harvey, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Roger Harvey, will have her dance on 3 December



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Charlotte Chenevix-Trench for whom Mrs. Beville Pain and Mrs. John Brady will give a cocktail-dance on 28 May



ARCHIE PARKER

Mrs. Charles Winslow-Taylor for her daughter Susan at Wellsbridge House, Ascot

Mrs. M. H. Crocker for her daughter Ann, small dance at Minety House, Malmesbury, Wilts

Saturday 27

Mrs. Rollo Hoare for her daughter Rosalind at The Dower House, Dogmersfield, Basingstoke

Mrs. Derek Pritchard for her daughter Rosemary at West Haddon Hall, nr. Rugby

Mrs. Peter de Havilland for the coming-of-age of her son, Peter Geoffrey, at The Field House, Radlett, Herts

Tuesday 30

Lady Jean Philipps, Lady Katharine Nicholson and The Hon. Mrs. James McDonnell for their daughters Theresa, Harriet and Louisa at 40 Hill Street

July

Wednesday 1

Lady Mackeson for her daughter Fiona in London

Thursday 2

Mrs. Robert Salm for her daughter Elizabeth Ann, dinner-dance at the Dorchester

Friday 3

Mrs. A. Vyvyan Denton for her daughter Joanna at Goldhill Manor, nr. Farnham

Mrs. John Barclay and Mrs. Arthur Taylor for their daughters Ursula and Anthea at Newlands Corner Hotel, Surrey

Saturday 4

Lady Mander for her daughter Penelope at Little Barrow, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos

Monday 6

Mrs. A. C. Snowden and Col. David Sutherland for

their daughters Annabel and Sarah at Quaglino's

Tuesday 7

Lady Rowlandson for her daughter Margaret at Claridge's

Wednesday 8

The Hon. Lady Charteris for her daughter Mary in London
Mrs. Andrew Yates for her daughter Sally, cocktail and dinner party on board H.Q.S. *Wellington* (by kind permission of the Master and Wardens of the Hon. Co. of Master Mariners)

Thursday 9

The Countess of Leitrim for her granddaughter Clare Borrett at the Kensington Palace Hotel

Friday 10

Lady Zia Wernher for her granddaughter Alexandra Phillips at Luton Hoo

Col. Hubert Allfrey and Mrs. Derek Sidebottom for their daughters Vanda and Jill at Clock House, Linton, Kent

Mrs. Henry Carden for the coming-of-age of her son Tony Emerson at North Sydmonton House, nr. Newbury

Mrs. Charles Kendall for her daughter Alexandra at Great Nineveh, Benenden, Kent

Mrs. David Webb for her daughter Frances at Shandon, St. George's Hill, Weybridge

Saturday 11

The Hon. Mrs. Watson for her daughter Caroline at Eastington House, Cirencester, Glos

Mrs. Robert Nicholl for her daughter Primrose at Merthyr Mawr, Glamorgan

Monday 13

Mrs. Charles Turner for her daughter Suzanne and for the

coming-of-age of her son Julien at the Ritz

Tuesday 14

Mrs. Guy Holland for her daughter Davina, small dance at Bourdon House, W.1

Wednesday 15

Lady Georgiana Starkey and Mrs. Henry Trotter for Lady Georgiana's step-daughter Kathleen Starkey and Mrs. Trotter's daughter Fiona at 16 Charles Street

Thursday 16

Mrs. Norman Walduck for her daughter Rosemary and for the coming-of-age of her son Robert at Lower Woodside, Hatfield, Herts

Mrs. Penelope Kitson for her daughter Jessica in Surrey

Mrs. John Hay for her daughter Moira at the Hurlingham Club

Friday 17

The Hon. Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. Scrope Egerton for Mrs. Egerton's daughter Katharine Egerton, small dance at Fonthill House, Wiltshire

Mrs. Peter Vaughan, Mrs. Edwin Morrison and Mrs. Cecil Rudd for their daughters Sarah, Malvina and Penelope in Hampshire

Mrs. Ralph Smith and Mrs. David Dumbell for their daughters Miranda and Tessa in the country

Saturday 18

Mrs. Peter Smithers for her daughter Sarah at Colebrook House, Winchester

Lord Savile and Mrs. William David for Mrs. David's daughter Belinda in Yorkshire

Mrs. A. F. A. Hamilton-Fletcher for her daughter Shelagh at Hoeland House, Watersfield, Sussex

Mrs. W. H. Ferguson for her

daughter Dawn at Ozleworth Park, nr. Wotton-under-Edge, Glos

Tuesday 21

Mrs. Claude Myburgh for her daughter Pauline at the Dorchester

Wednesday 22

Mrs. C. Blackwell for her daughter Diana, small dance at the Hyde Park Hotel

Thursday 23

Mrs. Anthony Greenly for her daughter Sarah at Everington House, Yattendon, Newbury

Mrs. Anthony Williams and Mrs. James Foote for their daughters Roberta Cunningham-Reid and Judy Foote at Scammels Corner, Blackbrook, Dorking

Friday 24

Mrs. Anthony Courtney and Lady Royden for their daughters the Hon. Mary Trefgarne and Jane Royden at Pembroke House, Valley End, Chobham, Surrey

Mrs. Lewis Civval for her daughter Camilla at Ghyll Manor, Rusper, Sussex (lent by Sir Geoffrey and Lady Kitchen)

Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Walter Scott and Mrs. Roland Blane for Mrs. Scott's daughter Sally and Mrs. Blane's daughter Victoria Grenfell at Eckington Manor, Ripe, Lewes

Mrs. Laurie Carey for her daughter Anne at Hawling Manor, Andoversford, Glos

Saturday 25

Mrs. Charles Wainman for her daughter Mary at Bembridge

The Hon. Mrs. Mildmay-White for her daughter Elizabeth at Mothecombe, Holbeton, Plymouth

Mrs. Norman Duckett for her daughter Elizabeth in Surrey

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



BARRY SWAEBE

Miss Fiona Howard Bent, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Howard Bent, will have her cocktail party on 28 September

Mrs. Oliver Holcroft for her daughter Lesley at Endon Hall, nr. Pershore, Worcs

Wednesday 29

Mrs. Roland Hebel for her daughter Carol and for the coming-of-age of her son Roland at Bonwycks Place, Ifield, Sussex

Friday 31

Mrs. Neil Campbell for her daughter Joanna at Twitten, Wallcrouch, Ticehurst, Sussex

Mrs. Humphrey Atkins for her daughter Julia in the Isle of Wight

August

Saturday 1

Mrs. Bryan Fowler, Madam McGillicuddy and Mrs. J. A. Hornsby for Mrs. Fowler's daughter Jessica, Sarah McGillicuddy and for the coming-of-age of Mrs. Hornsby's grandson Jeremy Phillips

Lady Marion Philipps for her daughter Louise and for her niece Caroline Dalrymple at Picton Castle, Haverfordwest

Mrs. Evelyn King for her daughter Jenny at Embley Park, nr. Romsey, Hants

Friday 14

Lady Muir and Mrs. Roly Gwyn small dance for Margaret Muir and for the coming-of-age of Charles Gwyn and Andrew Muir and for Philip Gwyn at Blair Drummond, Perthshire

Saturday 15

Mrs. Alexander Fletcher for her daughter Caroline and for the coming-of-age of her son Richard at The Old Vicarage, Wighill, nr. Tadcaster, Yorks

Mrs. A. W. H. Dalgety for her son Hugh's coming-of-age at Lockersley Hall, Hampshire

Tuesday 18

Mrs. John Ruffer for her daughter Sara at Stokesley House, Stokesley, Yorks

Friday 21

Lady Orr Ewing, Mrs. Hubert Elliot and Mrs. Peter Pitman for their daughter Fiona, Camilla Cathcart, and Carol at Cardross, Stirlingshire

Saturday 22

Lady Jane Bethell for her

Miss Mary Wainman, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Wainman, will have a dance on 25 July

daughter Camilla, small dance at Rise Park, Hull

Monday 24

Mrs. Michael Lorimer for her daughter Jane, evening party at Wester Inchgarvie, South Queensferry, West Lothian

Thursday 27

Mrs. David Gordon of Haddo, Lady Forbes of Newe and Mrs. James Hay for their daughters Mary Gordon, Alison Forbes, Joanna Hay, and for the coming-of-age of Elizabeth Hay at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire

Mrs. Claud Montagu Douglas Scott for her daughter Katharine and for the coming-of-age of her son Thomas in the country

Friday 28

Lady Polwarth for her daughter the Hon. Diana Hepburne-Scott in Scotland

Saturday 29

Mrs. Jock Milne Home for her daughter Ursula and for the coming-of-age of her son Alastair, small dance at Irvine House, Canonbie, Dumfries-shire

Monday 31

Mrs. Urquhart of Craigston for her daughter Georgia and the coming-of-age of her son Alexander at Craigston Castle

September

Wednesday 2

Portree Ball

Thursday 3

Portree Ball

Mrs. Herbert Foster for her daughter Madeline at Park House, Drumoak, Aberdeenshire

Saturday 5

Mrs. Colin Cadell for her daughter Jane, small dance at Grange, Linlithgow

Thursday 10

Oban Ball

Friday 11

Mrs. W. G. Gordon for her daughter Catriona at Blair Castle, Perthshire

Mrs. Patrick Matheson for her daughter Margaret at Ormiston, Hawick, Roxburghshire

Lady MacLeod for her daughter Jocelyn at Culloden House, Scotland

Saturday 12

Mrs. Anthony Lebus for her daughter Rosemary at Little Laver, Ongar, Essex

Mrs. Peter Ingall for her daughter Sarah at Corsock House, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire

Tuesday 15

Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness



BARRY SWAEBE

Miss Belinda Heathcoat Amory, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Heathcoat Amory, and the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat Amory, will have her dance on 5 October



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Katharine Egerton, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Scrope Egerton, will have her dance on 17 July



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Susan Schreiber, daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. Derek Schreiber, will have her dance on 24 June



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Caroline Colville, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Edward Colville, will share a dance with her brother Tom and Susan Ashley Cooper on 23 May



ARCHIE PARKER



ARCHIE PARKER



LENARE



ARCHIE PARKER



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Caroline Fletcher, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Fletcher, will share a dance with her brother Richard, on 15 August

Miss Katharine Montagu Douglas Scott, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Claud Montagu Douglas Scott, will have a dance on 27 August

Miss Sarah Gilbertson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Mark Gilbertson, will share a cocktail party with Angela Toller on 29 April

Miss Camilla Cathcart, daughter of Lt.-Col. C. F. Cathcart and Mrs. Hubert Elliott, will share a dance on 21 August

Thursday 17

Lady Lambe for her daughter Louisa and for the coming-of-age of her son James at Knockhill House, Newport-on-Tay, Fife

Saturday 19

Mrs. Charles Thomas and Mrs. William Blackett for their daughters Sarah and Cicely at Southwick House, by Dumfries

Tuesday 22

1st Perth Ball

Thursday 24

2nd Perth Ball

Friday 25

Mrs. T. S. Lewis for her daughter Caroline at Prestonfield House, Edinburgh

Saturday 26

Mrs. Frederick Grant and Mrs. F. E. Hudson for their daughters Veronica and Masha at Stockeld Park, nr. Wetherby, Yorks

Lady Paget for her daughter Patricia, small dance at Haygrass House, Taunton

Tuesday 29

Prince Yurka Galitzine for his daughter Alexandra

Wednesday 30

Mrs. Simon Birch for her daughter Jacqueline at 22, Prince Albert Road, N.W.1

October

Thursday 1

Mrs. Kenneth Webb for her daughter Jennifer in London

Friday 2

Lady Walker-Smith for her daughter Berenice in Middle Temple Hall

Lady Greenwell for her daughter Julia at Butley Abbey Farm, nr. Woodbridge, Suffolk

Mrs. Reay Geddes and Mrs. Hubert Lenanton for their daughters Lindsay and Erica Geddes at Thornby Grange, Northants

Mrs. D. A. K. Finlay for her daughter Anne in Cambridgeshire

Saturday 3

Mrs. Keith Cameron for her

daughter Victoria at Fifield House, Milton-under-Wychwood, Oxon

Monday 5

The Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat Amory for her daughter Belinda at Quaglino's

Tuesday 6

The Hon. Mrs. Whetherly for her daughter Dawn at the Dorchester

Wednesday 7

The Hon. Mrs. Rose and Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter for Mrs. Rose's granddaughter Bryony Ellis and Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter's daughter Sarah at Claridge's

Thursday 8

Mrs. David Douglas for her daughter lone at the Hyde Park Hotel

Mrs. Paul Goudime for her daughter Ksenia in Surrey

Friday 9

The Hon. Mrs. Lawson for her daughter Arabella at Easton Neston, Towcester, Northants (lent by Lady Hesketh)

Saturday 10

Mrs. Philip Cazenove for her daughter Anne and for the coming-of-age of her son Henry at Stanford Park, Rugby (lent by Lord and Lady Braye)

Monday 12

Mrs. Peter Evans-Freke and Mrs. Barry Lillis for their daughters Maura Evans-Freke and Penelope du Buisson and for the coming-of-age of Michael Evans-Freke in London

Wednesday 14

The Marchioness of Reading for her daughter Lady Jacqueline Rufus Isaacs and for the coming-of-age of her son Lord Anthony Rufus Isaacs in London

Thursday 15

Mrs. Jean Duffield for her daughter Mary-Jean at Claridge's

Mrs. Richard Norman for her daughter Christina at 22 Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8

Friday 16

Mrs. John Stanton for her

daughter Clare at Snelston, Ashbourne, Derbyshire

Saturday 17

Lady Flower for her daughter Elizabeth at The Hill, Stratford-on-Avon

Mrs. Arthur Gemmell for her daughter Clare at Ingarsby, Old Hall, Leics

Tuesday 20

Mrs. Norman Rowlandson for her daughter Denise at the Dorchester

Wednesday 21

Mrs. Vincent Budge for her daughter Jillian at 6 Gloucester Square, W.2

Thursday 22

The Hon. Mrs. Knight and Mrs. R. S. Lamdin for their daughters Sarah and Susan, small dance in London

Saturday 24

Mrs. David Verrey and Mrs. W. E. Barrington-Browne for their daughters Veronica Verrey and Lucy Parsons at Barnsley House, Cirencester, Glos

Monday 26

Mrs. William Stirling for her daughter Magdalen and Mrs. Charles Pretzlik for her niece Veronica Henderson in London

Tuesday 27

Mrs. James Thomson for her daughter Clare at the River Room, Savoy

Thursday 29

Mrs. Michael Gibb for her daughter Janet, dinner-dance at the Hyde Park Hotel

Friday 30

Mrs. John Lade and Mrs. Gabriel Reed for their daughters Carolyn and Anna Kristina at Yalden Manor, Kemsing, Kent

Saturday 31

Mrs. Hugh Brassey for her daughter Jane in Wiltshire

November

Monday 2

Mrs. W. G. Fossick for her daughter Daphne at Claridge's

Tuesday 3

Mrs. Luke Meinertzhagen for her daughter Amalia and for the coming-of-age of her son Nicholas in London

Wednesday 4

Mrs. Victor FitzGeorge-Balfour for her daughter Diana in London

Saturday 7

Mrs. T. O'B, Horsford for her daughters Jacqueline and Angela at Kingscote Park, Tetbury, Glos

Tuesday 10

Mrs. Mark Norman for her daughter Selina in London

Saturday 28

Mrs. David Stephens for her daughter Caroline and for the coming-of-age of her son John at The Old Rectory, Coates, Cirencester

December

Tuesday 1

Lady Cross and Mrs. G. F. A. Burgess for their daughters Sophia Davies and Victoria Burgess and for the coming-of-age of Charles Davies in Middle Temple Hall

Thursday 3

Mrs. Roger Harvey for her daughter Joanna in London

Saturday 5

Mrs. John Stevens for her daughter Jessica in the country

Mrs. Gordon Nicholson for her daughter Carolyn, small dance at Hatton Hill, Windlesham

Monday 7

Mrs. Peter Wolfe-Taylor for her daughter Angela at the Ski Club of Great Britain

Tuesday 8

Mrs. Patricia Collins for her daughter Linda in London

Wednesday 9

Mrs. Michael Callender for her daughter Charmian in London

Thursday 10

Lady Carrington for her daughter the Hon. Virginia Carington in London

Cocktail and Coming-of-Age parties

March

Wednesday 11

Lady Phillimore and Lady Cross for their daughters Josceline Phillimore and Sophia Davies in the Middle Temple Hall

Wednesday 18

Miss Manningham-Buller for Kester Warlow Harry in London

April

Thursday 2

Mrs. John Wade and Mrs. Lance Martin for Lauren Wade and Torill Ackers at 88, Oakwood Court, W.14
Miss Penelope Wykeham Lugard for Sally Yates in London

Tuesday 7

Lady Flower for her daughter Elizabeth in London

Mrs. Jack Gartrell and Mrs. Robert Nicholl for their daughters Susan and Primrose at the Saddle Room.

Wednesday 8

Mrs. F. Grant and Mrs. F. E. Hudson for their daughters Veronica and Masha in London

Thursday 9

Mrs. Claud Montagu Douglas Scott for her daughter Katharine

Monday 13

Mrs. Cecil Gledhill, Mrs. Anthony Sancroft-Baker and Mrs. Ian Rait, for their daughters, Sally, Rosalind and Melinda at the Hyde Park

Mon. & Tuesday 13-14

Berkeley Dress Show

Tuesday 14

Mrs. George Spice for her daughter Andrea in London

Wednesday 15

Mrs. Jean Duffield and Mrs. W. E. Barrington-Browne for their daughters Mary-Jean Duffield and Lucy Parsons

Thursday 16

Mrs. Anthony Greenly for her daughter Sarah at 56, Davies St.

Monday 20

Lady Mary Harvey and Mr. Henry Illingworth for their daughters Juliet and Jean at the Hyde Park

Tuesday 21

Lady Rowlandson for her daughter Margaret at 18 Grosvenor Square

Wednesday 22

Lady Lambe for her daughter Louisa in London

Thursday 23

Mrs. Vincent Budge and Mrs. R. E. Lloyd for Gillian and Belinda in London

Tuesday 28

Mrs. Joseph Lucas for her daughter Caroline Henrietta at the International Sportsmen's Club

Wednesday 29

Mrs. R. C. R. Toller and Mrs. Mark Gilbertson for their daughters Angela and Sarah

Thursday 30

Mrs. F. Powell Brett for her daughter Jane in London

May

Monday 4

The Hon. Lady Charteris for her daughter Mary

Mrs. Ronald Watson for her daughter Henrietta in London

Wednesday 6

The Hon. Mrs. Colin Dalrymple for her step-daughter Caroline at the Guards Club

Thursday 7

Mrs. H. Brassey for her daughter Jane

Tuesday 12

Mrs. John Madden and Mrs. Philip Campbell for their daughters Josephine and Pamela at the Guards Club

Tuesday 19

Mrs. Guy Holland for her daughter Davina

Wednesday 20

The Marquise de Miramon for her daughter Alexandra in London

Thursday 21

The Hon. Mrs. Whetherly for her daughter Dawn

Monday 25

Lt.-Col. Michael Hughes-Young and Mrs. Charles van Bergen for Henriette van Bergen at the House of Commons

Tuesday 26

Mrs. William Whitelaw for her daughter Carolyn
Mrs. Ramsay Patrick for her daughter Sally Ramsay Patrick, and Carolyn Beaumont, in London

Wednesday 27

Mrs. John Reiss for her daughter Virginia Booth-Jones and Mrs. Arthur Napier for her daughter Belinda, at 23 Chester Square

June

Wednesday 3

Mrs. Mark Wathen for her daughter Primula in Mercers' Hall

Wednesday 10

Mrs. Joanna Delmege for her daughter Carolyn in London

Thursday 25

Mrs. Claud Proby and Mrs. Peter Proby for their daughters Joanna and Sarah at the Anglo-Belgian Club

Mrs. David Stephens for her daughter Caroline in London

Monday 29

Mrs. William Seymour for her daughter Carolyn in London

July

Wednesday 1

Lady Terrington for her daughter the Hon. Caroline Woodhouse in London

Saturday 4

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald for her daughter Caroline at Querns House, Cirencester

September

Monday 28

Mrs. John Howard Bent for her daughter Fiona in London

October

Sunday 9

Mrs. F. R. G. Rountree for her daughter Rachael Hunter and for the coming-of-age of her son Nigel Hunter



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

Un Ballo in Maschera

The music was more vibrant than Verdi at the League of Pity's ball held at Quaglino's. It was primarily a dance for young people since the League is the junior branch of the N.S.P.C.C. President of the ball committee was Mrs. George Courtauld, who brought a large party and received guests with Miss Patricia Durose, chairman of the Junior Committee

1 Miss Mercedes Aluja danced a hitch-hike. 2 Miss Patricia Durose, chairman of the junior committee, and Mrs. George Courtauld, president of the ball committee, receiving the guests. 3 Miss Janet Maclean borrowed a commissioner's hat. She is the daughter of Sir Charles Maclean, Bt., & Lady Maclean of Duart Castle, Mull. 4 Contessa Olmedo and Mr. John Hermon-Taylor. 5 Miss Sarah Street with mimosa-trimmed mask. 6 Mr. Charles Beresford-Clark and Miss Philippa Rickard



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

The skirl and swirl of the Pipers' Ball

The 80-year-old Royal Scottish Pipers' Society held their annual ball in Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms and it opened traditionally with a selection of music played beneath the glittering chandeliers. The Society is only open to amateurs and many of its 360 members act as judges at piping contests at Highland games. When Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor was a member and wrote a slow march, *Mallorch*, for the players

1 Miss Sheila Crisp. 2 Members of the Society opened the ball with traditional ceremony. 3 Mr. Tom McCallum and Miss Rosemary Brown. 4 Mr. & Mrs. Hector Ross. He is the Honorary Pipe Major of the Society—the equivalent of President. 5 Miss Janice Miller and Mr. Ranald Sutherland. 6 Miss Liz Drinnan. 7 Miss Meg Braes and Miss Rachel Pawson. 8 Mrs. & Mr. Per Bergenholz—he represented the St. Andrew's Society of Denmark, with Dr. Alistair McLaren, Steward of the Royal Scottish Pipers' Society. 9 Miss Libby MacLaine Mitchell and Mr. Alasdair Macgregor



Letter from Scotland

London publisher Mr. John Calder, who shattered Edinburgh's habitual serenity at last year's Festival by causing a nude young woman to be wheeled across the gallery of the McEwan Hall during the Drama Conference (the reverberations have hardly yet died down), has some more "happenings" up his sleeve.

At their Kinross-shire home, Ledlanet, Mr. & Mrs. Calder last September presented a series of entertainments—opera, chamber music and drama—called *Ledlanet Nights*. This year, Mrs. Calder tells me, they're extending the season and *Ledlanet Nights* will be presented in May and again in September.

The programme for the May *Nights* is entitled—significantly—*A Happening with Robert Burns*, and it will include music, drama, discussion and "many surprises."

"We felt that, having this lovely big house, we should do something with it culturally," Mrs. Calder said. What they're aiming at, she added, is a return to music-making in the home, but taken into a contemporary setting. "We want to try to help to achieve a renaissance

of the arts in Scotland," she said hopefully.

I asked whether most people who came to Ledlanet last year were serious seekers after culture. "Some came because it was a gimmick," Mrs. Calder admitted honestly. "Some because it was the thing to do, and some because they were really interested." But many, she said, like the local farmers, who came the first time out of curiosity, came back again out of real interest.

Mrs. Calder, who speaks with an attractive American accent (she is Yugoslav, but was brought up in America), is herself an opera singer. She sings under the name of Bettina Jonic and she tells me she will be giving a recital in Edinburgh at the end of this month. She won't, however, be taking part in the *Ledlanet Nights* in May because she will then be singing in Yugoslavia, but she hopes to do something during the September performances.

ACADEMIC FESTIVAL PRELUDE

If things go according to plan Scotland's ancient university town of St. Andrews will soon have its own festival. The organiser, Mr. Robin Macmillan, who is a bookseller there, says "we want to reassert the town's ancient prominence as a centre of cul-

ture." The idea started with a group of students—among them Alan Davidson, final year Honours student in English who has already published a book of verse, *So Many Kinds of Yes*. The students felt that they themselves could not spare time from their studies to organise a festival so they put the idea up to Mr. Macmillan who is full of enthusiasm and plans for starting the festival in quite a big way next year—if university accommodation is made available. Many of the university staff, I gather, are very much in favour of a festival and Professor J. N. Wright, Master of St. Salvador's College, told me: "I think it is a good idea if it is possible," then added a shade more recklessly, "you never know what is a good idea until you try it."

This year there will be a folk festival as a sort of "try-out." It will be held in the last week-end in July just before St. Andrews' famous Lammas Fair. Next year, if all goes well, there will be music, drama, art exhibitions, poetry readings and literary discussions—all, in fact, that usually goes to make up such a festival. It is also hoped to have halls of residence open to foreign students. "We're definitely aiming to make it a sort of academic festival," says Mr. Macmillan.

CANNY CROWD FOR CANNES

Off to Cannes a few days ago for the Festival of Scotland went a planeload of distinguished folk. Among them were Captain and Mrs. John Hay of Delgatie Castle, Turriff; Scotland's Minister of State, Lord Craigton, and Lady Craigton—the latter all set to show off Scottish tweeds; and the Earl & Countess of Mansfield of Scone Palace. Lord and Lady Mansfield's daughter, Lady Malvina Murray, was recently married very quietly in London to Lord Doune, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Moray, Darnaway Castle, Forres.

The wedding, nevertheless, hit the Scottish headlines, for not even the usually astute Press had scented this particular romance. Now that all danger of prying is past, we're told that Lady Malvina and Lord Doune "had been engaged for months."

Also putting in a good word for Scotland at Cannes will be the French Consul-General in Scotland, M. Charles Renner, and Mme. Renner. They lived in Nice before coming to Scotland and have been particularly looking forward to this visit as it is five years since their last trip to Cannes. "There have been many changes since then," M. Renner told me.

J.P.

NEW YORK Revisited

In the first of two articles Charles Graves comments on some of the changes he noticed on a recent trip to New York. Photographs by Norman Eales



First impressions of the most fashionable part of New York—the square mile enclosing Park Avenue and 59th Street where I am staying—are that it is full of sirens, elegant widows and Bloody Marys. This is an unprejudiced opinion after an absence of 17 years, and, therefore, not to be sneezed at. Sirens: well, there are police sirens, fire brigade sirens, the midday siren to remind people of air raid precautions and—just sirens. The midday one sounds most alarming. The fire brigade and police are merely alarming. Other sirens look alarmingly lovely in the best cocktail bars.

Elegant widows: American husbands are the most self-sacrificing in the world. They work themselves to death, so that their wives can wear mink and pearls, or better still diamonds and sables. It is a kind of post mortem status symbol. Case History? I met a really delightful man, white-haired at 50, a director of one of the biggest firms in the U.S. His wife is a beautiful 32. The poor chap flies from New York to Virginia, from there to Seattle, flips across the Pole to Finland, thence to London, Moscow, Madrid, Frankfurt, Cape Town, Sydney, Australia, and back again, almost endlessly. We lunched at his club, which is in the same building as his office. See what I mean?

I said, "Bill, you're crazy. You have no home life. On your own admission, when

you are in New York you commute one-and-a-half hours each way. You never see your wife or your kids or your home in daylight from October to March—that is, if you are in this country at all. What, as they say, gives?"

Bill replied in all seriousness. "I do it because Melissa will later be able to stay at the Ritz in Paris, Claridge's in London, Brenner's in Baden-Baden and the Grand Hotel in Tokyo. Also, she could marry again." I said, "But surely, Melissa would like to have you around; you know, seeing the kids and her, even if you only earned the equivalent of £8,000 a year."

He said, "Charles, I am just being realistic. Have another Bloody Mary."

Bloody Marys: Once upon a time they were called General Pattons after old Blood and Guts Patton. Their ingredients are still the same, even if they are called after Bloody Queen Mary—vodka and tomato juice, laced with Worcester sauce. Incidentally their first cousin is a Bullshot—a mixture of vodka and cold consommé, surprisingly good, by the way. Try it.

Considering that the Americans do not seem to like Khrushchev all that much I wondered how the staple drink of the Russians could become so popular. Why fill the Moscow coffers with American dollars? The answer is simple. It is all domestic vodka made in places such as Stamford,

Connecticut, and leaves no smell on the breath. Not a dime of comfort or cash goes inside the Iron Curtain, or else the barman of the Delmonico was wrong.

What else is Manhattan full of, apart from tall buildings which still make me slightly dizzy to look at? Well, pavements so uneven that they are a menace to the most flat-heeled shoes; road surfaces which whenever it rains are liable to hold puddles of water three or four inches deep near the kerb (and after all they were never blitzed); the most hospitable hosts, the most spectacular clubs; the most charitable do-gooders; the most ostentatious blind beggars who solicit right in the middle of the pavement, usually with a guard dog; the most fearsome traffic jams, the most compulsive drinkers, the most uninhibited taxi-cab drivers, (who incidentally have to make a written report for the police of every journey they make from pick-up to set-down), the most Irish hotel chambermaids, the burliest cops, the most superb shops and the most fearsome traffic jams. New York is superlative in every sense of the word.

Cash money, as such, has almost disappeared in smart Manhattan, except for small change to tip taxi-cab drivers and doormen. (Taxi-cabs in New York are actually cheaper than those in London because while the prices are the same,



there is no extra charge for extra people—in other words, five passengers for the price of one.)

This absence of cash is due to the apparent ability of most members of the public to get back an average of 30 per cent on all living expenses outside their own home. Here, at the Delmonico, I am told that 88 per cent of the bills are signed and not paid by cheque. The reason for this, particularly in the restaurant, is that the clients do not have to embarrass themselves by asking for the receipted bill and then putting it into their purse or pocket book. Automatically, each time I have lunched out or dined out, the waiter has given me some form to sign, looked almost disapproving when I produced a traveller's cheque, and was positively startled when I produced anything so vulgar as dollars.

The only place where you see dollar bills in absolute profusion is in the offertory plates of churches like St. Thomas's on Fifth Avenue. This is Episcopalian, in other words the United States equivalent to Anglican, and it is run most efficiently. Nine sidesmen in morning coats return up the aisle with small hillocks of dollar bills of all denominations on the offertory plates. Not a coin in sight, but a number of little white envelopes containing cheques.

I say "efficiently." Imagine an English parson announcing blandly that he can see

a lot of new faces in the congregation and that all the owners thereof are invited back after the service for coffee and informal reception at the Parish House at which coffee will be served, followed by a tour of the church. Imagine a church staff of the Rector, minister of education, assistant priest, organist and master of the choir, associate organist, headmaster of choir school, choirmother, Parish House hostess, executive secretary to warden of St. Thomas's, the Rector's secretary, the Parish secretary, assistant in Christian education, financial secretary, sexton and funeral director, and a vestry staff including not only a senior warden and treasurer, but a junior warden and nine vestrymen.

St. Thomas's, I would say, is the exact equivalent of St. Margaret's Westminster, in London and its services on Sunday are invariably packed. Imagine a brochure handed to each churchgoer with forms to fill in detail of his desire to be baptised, desire to be confirmed, desire for offering envelopes, change of address, wish to join one of the organizations, desire to receive a special call, and wish to be affiliated with St. Thomas's church . . .

What further fascinated me is the hymn practice. In addition to the usual three hymns, we have an extra one in which we remain seated and try out, for example, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" which

Street scenes in New York, night and day. The fire engine (*opposite page*) thunders through the town, sirens wailing, lights flashing. Lights flash too outside the cinemas along the cavern of Broadway (*top right*). New York taxi-cabs work out cheaper than London's and high above the crawling traffic the skyscrapers have their own weird shapes such as the steel edifice that surmounts the Chrysler building



apparently is almost unknown in the U.S.A.

I am afraid that I have rather wandered off the subject of paying for almost everything by credit cards. But not entirely. Churchgoers at St Thomas's are invited to give their business address as well as their home address, not to mention their office telephone numbers.

Which brings me to a denunciation of the New York postal services—easily the most lamentable in the Western World. It is true that firms in the business section have an 8.30 a.m. post. But if you live in the equivalent of Upper Berkeley Street or South Audley Street, a letter posted to you at 10 a.m. from the Ritz or Claridge's, for example, will not reach you until after mid-day the following day. I have written a number of thank-you letters which took 48 hours to go a mile and have received invitations which have been similarly delayed in transit. The explanation is that Americans do not like being postmen, whatever the pay. Nor can one blame them in this city of skyscrapers.

Another change, and a very pleasant one, since my last visit is the growing appreciation of wine. The last time I was here, you were practically dared to order wine or even a glass of beer with a meal. Today, many restaurants have *sommeliers*

with their chain of office offering the bulky wine list almost before you have sat down. True, port is as rare as it is in France; wine lists show few vintages earlier than an occasional 1957; and there is a sad tendency to think that sparkling burgundy is an aristocratic wine. The fact remains that it is no longer a matter of countless dry martinis followed by buckets of iced water at the meal itself. This is still more true when dining in private homes. I have invariably been offered one, if not two, wines, followed by cognac. And at the Australian Ball—the best of the season, by the way—we had sherry, Riesling and red wine, with champagne when the dessert arrived.

Another change, alas! an unromantic one, is that gentlemen no longer seem to "bunch" the ladies. The corsages of camellias and orchids seem to be out of fashion. The alibi is that they are supposed to damage the gown. But, after all, they can always be pinned to the sable or mink and then transferred to the bag after leaving the powder room. Which reminds me: I met Anita Loos at a party in a leopard skin coat and looking just as she did—except a little sad—when she wrote *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and lovelies still wore the most superb orchids.

Sirens and slush in New York: the city police cars (*top*) are equipped with sirens and flashing lights. "Don't walk" is the transatlantic way of saying "Don't cross." The pavements defy the flattest shoe and water collects in the gutters

AFTER THE BALL

The season is short but hectic. It's also a kind of watershed between the formative years of school and family and the wider world of work and opportunity. Philip Townsend photographed some of this year's debutantes then talked to them about their plans for the future



SUNYA HUNTER, daughter of Mr. Anthony Hunter and of Mrs. Andrew Lusk, cherishes the familiar ambition to become a model. In the international world of fashion an aptitude for languages is a basic. Sunya, whose school was Priors' Field, learned her French in Switzerland and her Spanish in Madrid. Since her return from Spain she has been looking for a job to fill in time before the season gets into full swing

THE HON CAROLINE WOODHOUSE (*right*), second daughter of Lord & Lady Terrington, will try for a job in an art gallery after the season. Her favourite artist is Anthony Litti whose work provides a background to the picture. She likes all kinds of painting but her special interest is Pop art. "I like it because it portrays modern life in realistic terms"



MORE INSIDE

TERESA GERMAN-RIBON, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Philip German-Ribon might have been born under a lilac-bleeding star as the Bulgarian proverb says of those with an urge to travel. In the autumn she is going to a university in Spain and then plans to get a job in South America. She was born in the Argentine and wants to visit Peru and Chile



SARAH SMITHERS, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Otway Smithers, intends to become an interpreter. She is well on the way towards her goal already as she speaks fluent Russian. Two months in the United States preceded her appearance for the London season. Sarah was educated in England, France and Switzerland



VICTORIA BURGESS, daughter of the late Mr. G. F. A. Burgess, and of Mrs. Burgess intends to take a full-time job to do with children. At the moment she is doing morning work at the Chelsea Babies Club—where the picture was taken—and looks after a play group of two- to four-year-olds



DEBORAH ROBERTS, third daughter of Sir Peter Roberts, Bt., & Lady Roberts wants to teach children, and takes her final steps in the autumn when she begins a course at a teachers' training college. Another ambition is to join the Bach Choir; she is musical, plays the piano and accordion. She was educated at Heathfield and finished in Germany and Switzerland



PHILIPPA LINDO, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Lindo, starts a secretarial course after the season and would like a job that combines this with artistic work, such as secretary in an art gallery. At the moment she is at Winkfield Finishing School



ANNE LEVESON is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Leveson and intends to teach English in Paris. Educated at Heathfield she is at present studying history and English and goes to South Africa in the autumn before arriving in Paris



LINDA COLLINS, daughter of Mr. Douglas Collins and of Mrs. Patricia Collins, intends to take up interior design after her season. Since she left school a year ago she has been in Paris and Switzerland; is doing a course in French at the moment

JESSICA KITSON, *right*, daughter of Major Robert Kitson and of Mrs. Penelope Kitson, plans to follow her mother's footsteps and become an interior designer. At the moment she is studying French and literature and is doing some painting; would also like to design clothes for children



JULIA STEWART, *right*, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jock Stewart, wants to be an assistant to a photographer. She was educated at Southover and in France



SARAH ROSE PRICE, daughter of Lieut.-Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Rose Price, has twin ambitions—to get into a drama school, or go to university. Should both fail she intends to continue dressmaking which she is currently studying at Mrs. Derbyshire's

SARAH BOYD-CARPENTER, daughter of Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, M.P., the Paymaster-General, & Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter, is going to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford University, in the autumn and relishes the coming season as the only break between school and university. She was educated at St. Mary's, Ascot



Debs with a delicate air

A new London Season is just beginning and the girls who face it with a sweet and gentle appearance are the ones who'll find themselves with the most invitations. Gone are the muffled up, bundled up looks of last winter, the scarves and head-hugging helmets. Uncovered again are legs, heads and swan-like necks, and the chances are that the debs who look for ruffles, ribbons, Empress Josephine necklines, puffed-up sleeves, scalloped hems and flower-bestrewn fabrics floating into the shops right now, will have the rosiest season of all. Unity Barnes chose the clothes. Lidbrooke took the photographs. Barbara Hulanicki did the drawings

Flirtatious white collar and bow on a charcoal flannel coat with fluted sleeves and a streamlined shape. By Young Jaeger, 13½ gns., available on 1 March at all their branches. Big white hat of layered organdie. By Christian Dior Chapeaux. 24 gns. at Liberty. Crisp white gloves by Fownes





Left: Soft skirt on a dress in nougat wool with lowered waist, slender sleeves and rolled collar. By Dorville, 20 gns. at Fenwick, and Olive Walton, Moseley. White silk turban by Alan Couldridge, 12 gns. at Liberty.

● ● ●
Lollipop-pink and white houndstooth checks for a simple shapely suit in Irish tweed, high-buttoning up to the neck. By Jack Clarke of Dublin. 38 gns. at Woollands, and William Harvey, Guildford. Curvy bright navy Breton hat by Alan Couldridge, 14 gns. at Liberty.





Frivolous little dress of white Tricel polka-dotted with black. Black and white embroidered frills edge the elbow length sleeves and hem, a long swinging bow marks the scooped out neck and high waist. By Polly Peck. £6 19s. 6d. at Woollands, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. Strip sandals in black patent. 5½ gns. at Charles Jourdan

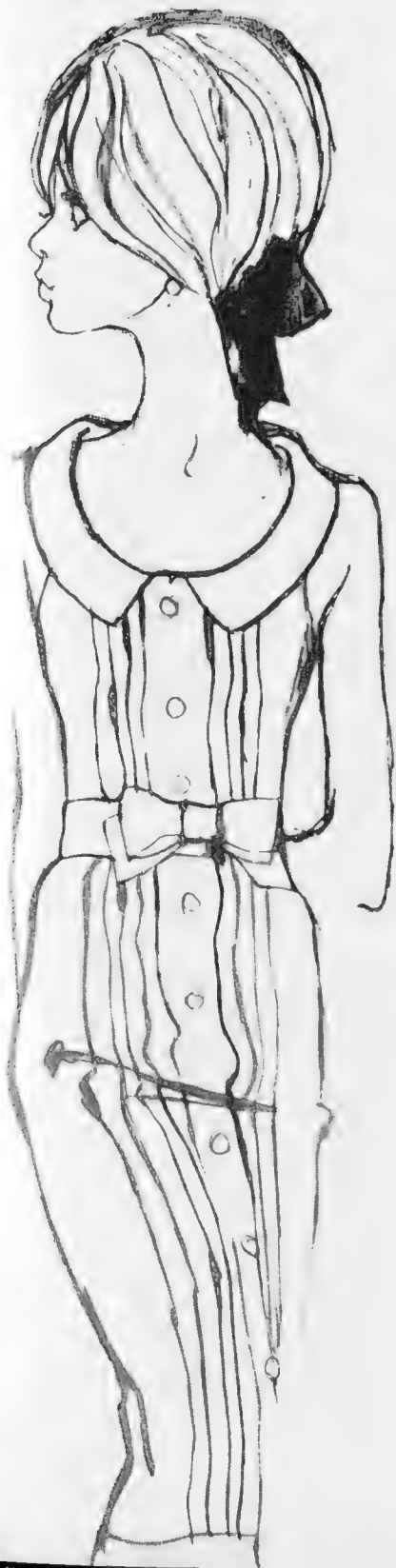
Flighty white lawn sleeves, and collar piped in black, play pranks on a sober charcoal linen shift adorned with a rose. By Hildebrand. £6 19s. 6d. at Liberty

◆ ◆ ◆
Far left: Good-girl dress with long prissy sleeves and white piqué collar in olive green Paisley patterned silk. By Marlborough Dresses. 6 gns. at Peter Robinson



Left: Baby doll sleeves perch on an Empress Josephine shift in a Liberty printed silk scattered with cornflowers, bluebells and forget-me-nots. By Jane & Jane. 15½ gns. at Mary Fair, Baker Street, Roberts Brothers, Sheffield; The Jersey Shop, Watford

■ ■ ■
Right: Victorian pleats run down a narrow silk party dress of knock-out pink. By Susan Small. 16 gns. at Galeries Lafayette



Spring-fresh
flowers in lilac,
leaf green and
soft turquoise
printed white
heavy cotton
for a short
summery evening
dress on a
camisole top.
By Fredrica.
7 gns. at
Simpson,
Piccadilly





Tiny ruffled jacket of white organza on tulle fastens with a big silk bow and scooped revers, over a glistening white silk evening dress with a low, low back and rounded neck. By Sutin.

45 gns. at Fortnum & Mason, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds

Left: Shining circlets of pink and lilac stones are embroidered on the snowy silk top of an evening dress by Oriane of Capri. Curved front divides the high waisted olive green skirt. At Sixty One Park Lane

Right: White daisies spill over the neckline of a sherbet yellow organza long evening dress with belted waist and knife pleated skirt. By Nettie Vogues. £44 at Mary Fair, Baker Street

Far right: Grown-up short evening dress in silvery white wild silk, with a soft fringed hem. By Christian Dior — London. Available at Harrods, and McDonalds, Glasgow





TEAHOUSE OF THE MOON

Chinese blue patterned white china in an unusual new teacup shape; the cup is suspended on a curvy pedestal. This cobalt blue is specially expensive to produce: £3 2s. 6d. at Woollands. Or in clean, plain white: 36s. 9d. each at Rosenthal Studio House and branches. Designed by Tapio Wirkkala. Orange and gold lacquer

tea box (*far left*) is part of a tea-making ceremony kit. With it comes a narrow spoon and a whisk (*far right*) for mixing the tea once it has infused. *Top right*: tea bowl in a cream glaze. Spoon 5s. 6d., whisk 18s. 6d., caddy £1 10s. and tea bowl £2 4s. 6d. All from Mitsukiku, Lower Sloane Street. Curving teapot made by Coalport in a design called

Hong Kong, originating around 1815. Handpainted in melting colours of cobalt blue, orange, browns and 22-carat gold. Part of a set at Fortnum & Mason £4 17s. 9d. Chinese orange tea cup and saucer in a Chinoiserie pattern called Mandarin by Herend. Part of a morning tea set at Fortnum & Mason with a matching tray, £35 15s. 6d. the set

COUNTERSPY
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON



on plays

A COMPASSIONATE LECTURE

The simple theme of Mr. Max Frisch's *Andorra* at the National Theatre is that a young man may be told, wrongly but repeatedly, that he is a Jew and may come to believe it utterly even in the face of subsequent and convincing proof to the contrary. Andri, growing up in the mythical country of Andorra, believes himself to have been a Jewish baby smuggled in across the frontier by his foster parents who have since brought him up with their own daughter in a loving but extremely poor family circle. It is the outsiders in the town who insidiously persuade him of the Jewishness of his characteristics. He is told that he walks differently, that his interest is not, as he himself had supposed, in carpentry but in salesmanship. His light-heartedness, his weakness for juke box music, even his love for his "sister," all these natural instincts are gradually soured as the boy's nature is driven in on itself. He believes that he is both the only Jew in the place and an oddity.

Andri is played by Mr. Tom Courtenay, bluntly and, on occasion, as if dazed by what is happening to him. He is a figure of pathos by whom one's

heart should be touched. The basic lack in the play is that only one's mind and never one's emotions are engaged in the problem of Andri or his family. His father is a schoolteacher, a weak man who sees what is happening to the boy and tries to lose his sorrow and guilt in a fog of drink. For Andri is not a Jew but the schoolmaster's son by a beautiful woman from the country over the border, and the teacher is perpetually hesitating on the verge of telling him the truth. The priest also knows the truth and so does the real mother, coolly and effectively played by Miss Diana Wynyard, who comes to visit her son but is killed by the flinging of a stray stone before she speaks the words which could set him free from his obsession.

Here we have an incomprehensible and therefore, I think, a weak situation dramatically speaking, since there is no valid reason why any of these three people should not talk to Andri clearly and decisively. Each of them is given the opportunity; each of them fails to do anything but confuse the boy further. In the meantime he loafs away his time or brings himself to the point of declaring his love for

the girl Barblin (Miss Lynn Redgrave). When his father insists that their marriage is impossible Andri simply takes it as a further proof that he is a Jew and therefore unacceptable, and still the words are not spoken.

Andorra is invaded by the army of the neighbouring country who bring with them a Jew Detector, an official who forces the people to walk barefooted in front of him, their heads hidden under black cloths, so that he may judge from their feet whether they are Jewish or not. Andri is his only victim and is haled off to an agonizing death, accused among other things of killing the woman who was his mother. By this time and far, far too late Andri's father has told him the truth but he can neither be convinced nor, at this stage, his understanding reached. He is wholly passive, even accepting that the priest who could have given him a complete alibi fails to appear in his defence. Throughout the play citizens have been coming forward for a confidential word with the audience: the carpenter, the soldier, the doctor, the innkeeper. Each of them explains that he could see the way things were going but was helpless to change events. Each of them, as he disclaims responsibility, moves the action a little further along towards the familiar pattern of Jew-baiting, horror and death.

Mr. Frisch's characterization

of these men is admirable and so is their playing. Mr. Colin Blakely is especially credible as the brutal and above all stupid soldier, and Mr. Trevor Martin's innkeeper is a good sketch of a venal but not wholly bad man, moved to violence by the force of public opinion; weak enough to be lethally dangerous. As the priest Mr. Robert Stephens turns in a marvellously unsympathetic performance; the doctor, Mr. Anthony Nicholls, is outstanding as the social toady who slips into the mould of current opinion with almost dazzling celerity. Of them all though, it is Mr. Cyril Cusack as the schoolteacher and father who makes the greatest impact, bringing the play as close as it gets to an expression of emotional power.

Mr. Lindsay Anderson's production is very good indeed, particularly in his way with crowd movements which he controls with the speed and certainty of an orchestral conductor, keeping the action fluid or freezing it at the right point for dramatic intensity, while behind loom the faintly menacing white cubes and archways of Mr. John Bury's inspired setting. So much to praise, including the intelligence and the compassion of the play, but in spite of its qualities it has an integral flatness as its final effect; as if, in fact, one had been listening to a lecture rather than to a full theatrical performance.



DOUGLAS H. JEFFERY

Micheál MacLiammóir plays the inmate of a German mental hospital who thinks that he is Hitler in The Roses are Real by Patrick Paterson currently having a limited season at the Vaudeville Theatre. Mary Kerridge plays an ex-Hitler maiden who is convinced the man really is Hitler

on films

THIS IS WHERE I START WORRYING

I'm willing to take the word of experts that there is far more chance of a nuclear war being sparked off accidentally than there is of it being started deliberately—and so is Mr. Stanley Kubrick, the director of *Dr. Strangelove or How I Learned to Stop Worrying And Love The Bomb*. "The situation," says he, "is absurd." It is, too, by golly—but you'd have to have as macabre a sense of humour as he has to find it laughable.

Mr. Kubrick's film is taste-wise on a par with that sick song about "we'll all fry together when we fry," at which cabaret audiences were sniggering nervously a while back, and it didn't amuse me in the least. On the contrary, it chilled me to the marrow: it seemed to me altogether too damn possible.

A U.S. Air Force general (Mr. Sterling Hayden,) crazily convinced that the Communists are tampering with the water supply to pollute the "precious body fluids" of decent Americans, takes it upon himself to launch a nuclear attack on Russia. Once his 30-odd B-52 H-Bombers are on their way, not even the U.S. President (Mr. Peter Sellers) can recall them. He can only telephone the Soviet Premier on the "hot line" from Washington to Moscow, explain the position and ask him to have the planes intercepted and destroyed.

Back over the wire comes the Russian's warning that should one bomb fall on Soviet territory, the "Doomsday Machine" will automatically be put into operation and the world blown to smithereens. But surely, as the attack is all a regrettable mistake, says the President, the Premier will be good enough to take steps to avert this ghastly disaster? Well, he might be inclined to, one gathers, but he can't: so elaborate are the security precautions surrounding the Doomsday service that not a step can be taken.

In the War Room at the Pentagon (a magnificent set designed by Mr. Ken Adam) the President and his Top Brass anxiously follow the fate of the H-bombers on a vast radar screen. All but one of them are shot down and sighs of relief are heaved—prematurely. The sole surviving plane, though badly damaged, penetrates the

Russian defences—and the mad Texan pilot (Mr. Slim Pickens) makes sure that *his* bomb reaches its mark. And that's the end of the film—and of you and me and everybody else in this deterrent-dotty world.

The gimmick of using Mr. Sellers in three different roles is one of which I'm rather tired, but I must say he is excellent as a mild R.A.F. Group Captain and as the bald, grave U.S. President. His gloating, salivary performance as Dr. Strangelove—a crippled ex-Nazi, whose right arm seems to lead a hideous life of its own—struck me as verging on the obscene. Mr. George C. Scott, as a general who can discuss the slaughter of millions without a tremor, is horribly convincing. Mr. Keenan Wynn makes a fine bone-headed colonel, and Mr. Hayden, looking utterly demented, properly gives one the shivers. One just can't help wondering how many more undetected psychotics like him there are around in the U.S. forces, within pushing distance of that dread button.

There's nothing very new about *This Is My Street*—it's simply a study of working-class people (if I may be allowed that somewhat old-fashioned expression) living in a drab row of poky houses in a London suburb—but I enjoyed it, in my quiet way. Miss June Ritchie, who has blossomed out into an exceptionally talented actress, plays a young housewife bored with her slovenly, insensitive husband (Mr. Mike Pratt), sick of her job (in the handbag department of a multiple store) and pining to escape from the semi-squalor of Jubilee Close.

Mr. Ian Hendry gives a flawless performance as a flashy jewellery salesman who runs a snide nightclub on the side and is an expert in seduction. He pursues Miss Ritchie because she avoids him. Once she has fallen for him and grown pathetically possessive, he can't wait to be finished with her, and it's just too much for Miss Ritchie when he transfers his interest to her younger sister, pretty Miss Annette Andre. She attempts suicide, but you can expect a reasonably happy ending. You will not be disappointed. All the acting, under Mr. Sidney Hayers' admirable direction, is first-class, but it is Miss Ritchie's anguished performance you will

remember best.

The Polish film, *Night Train*, directed by Mr. Jerzy Kawalerowicz, I found enormously fascinating—but then I adore train journeys, especially at night. Miss Lucyna Winnicka plays a young woman who finds herself sharing a sleeping-car with a tense, neurotic-looking man, Mr. Leon Niemczyk. There is, one learns, a murderer aboard the train: could this be he? The police think so, but they are wrong.

The real murderer hurls himself from the train, which is instantly halted. In the ugliest scene I've witnessed in years, the excited passengers pursue him like a ravening pack of wolves and beat him up horribly. He is taken away by the

police, the passengers, looking a little shamefaced, return to their compartments, and the train rumbles on through the darkness. The story really doesn't matter much—it's the atmosphere that counts.

In *Sex Can Be Difficult* you are given three short Italian films for the price of one. The best is the last—*The Soldier's Adventure*—in which a drowsy young soldier (marvellously played by the director, Signor Nino Manfredi) becomes aware of a beautiful young widow, Signorina Fulvia Franco, sitting beside him in a railway compartment. His wordless seduction of the voluptuous creature persuaded me that sex can be easy—providing nobody starts yapping about it.



Peter Sellers in the title role of *Dr. Strangelove*—one of three parts he plays in the film. This character is a crippled ex-Nazi who suggests a master-plan to preserve a nucleus of human beings and keep the race alive after the nuclear holocaust

SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

on books

THE MAGIC BAND OF MEDICINE MEN

A Season of Discord by Edward Candy (Gollancz 18s.) is a very elegant novel, pared down and strictly to the point. It is concerned with two hospital groups—the adult: two surgeons and their wives; the growing-up: a group of medical students. The groups are linked because one of two pretty girls who share a flat is on the brink of starting an affair with one of the surgeons, a man who is confident that no woman can resist him.

Mr. Candy encompasses an alarming amount of truth about human beings and an unsentimental ending within the limits of what appears to be hard, swift comedy treatment of his subject. The girl who wants to leave home does so after a scene with parents which is written in blood, the sex-pot girl is far more responsible and realistic than the surgeon she goes to bed with, the professor who was once Dean of Studies is confused

about his own motives and less a good man than a weak one, the new, younger, unpopular but brilliant Dean of Studies cares more about his students than he thinks, and so on. The dialogue has the waspish, lethal economy of Miss Compton-Burnett's, and like that lady's, too, one character speaks very much like another. I much enjoyed this novel for its cool compassion and its evident enormous good sense; it is also cunningly planned and written so that it is more than usually hard to leave in the middle unfinished.

This is Medicine Week—and by now we must be treading hard on American heels in our passionate devotion to medicine for the layman, discreetly popularized but not so much so that you feel yourself cut off from the magic, happy band who actually wield the scissors, the stomach-pump and the knife. **Curiosities of Medicine** edited by Berton Roueché (Gollancz 21s.) is a jolly little

anthology including such popular general subjects as glue-sniffing in California, cholera in Soho, St. Vitus's dance through Europe and stomach cancer in Iceland, including one or two case histories of mental illness ("a splendid, various selection" says the *New Yorker*, striking the right kind of healthfully enthusiastic note). I am not specially a connoisseur of this sort of material, but to each his own addiction. And **Things for the Surgeon** by Hubert Cole (Heinemann 30s.) is a history of the resurrectionists, as horrid as you could wish. My favourite section is an account of the demented activities of three body-snatchers charmingly called Merryandrew, Spoon and Moldewarp, or the Mole.

Briefly... **Teenage Tyranny** by Grace & Fred M. Heckinger (Duckworth 21s.) is a gloomy book about deplorable American teenage habits, which, one might have thought, are pretty likely to continue as

long as solemn and portentous books such as this are written and Americans continue to feel such apparent dread of their children... **Aspects of Elba** by Averil Mackenzie-Grieve (Cape 30s.) is a nice, easy, good-tempered book about an adorable island, part history, part by-the-oil-lamp-in-winter-Corinna-will-tell-her-endless-richly-spiced-sagas-of-the-island writing... And **Holidays Among the Russians** by Dymphna Cusack (Heinemann 30s.) is just that—a jolly, slightly starry-eyed book, full of ice-cream and delightful children and simple Russians longing to be friends. It is an account of five holiday trips to use up royalties by extensive travel inside the Soviet Union. After a little it begins to read like a series of strung-together lightweight magazine articles. The enthusiasm, unfortunately, is not matched by distinction in the style.

Introduction 2. Stories by New Writers (Faber 21s.), is to

me chiefly interesting for the section contributed by Francis Hope, a young writer who seems to me to have great potential... **The Edinburgh Caper** by St. Clair McKelway (Gollancz 18s.) is a whimsy account of a visit Mr. McKelway paid to Edinburgh in 1959, and the best of Scottish luck, but why Mr. P. G. Wodehouse should mysteriously feel compelled to liken it to *Alice in Wonderland* is more than I can fathom. "You keep expecting the Mad Hatter and the March Hare to pop up at any moment, complete with Dormouse," he says confidently, and if that's his opinion he's entitled to it.

And lastly, **A Book of Gardens** (Cassell 35s.) is an agreeable, easy anthology, edited by James Turner, and includes Geoffrey Grigson on herb gardens, Randolph Churchill on bringing an old garden under control, and a good fighting anti-garden piece by Colin Wilson.

SPIKE HUGHES

on records

DELIUS DISCOVERED

I find with most music that goes out of fashion that sooner or later a reaction sets in and a composer or a period that has been neglected and despised for a generation is suddenly hailed as a startling discovery. It is happening just now with Elgar and Holst, and it's about time it happened to Constant Lambert. One composer who was immensely popular in England 30 years ago and is proving almost impossible to resuscitate, however, is Delius. In the entire United Kingdom this month his name appears only three times in the concert programmes—in Croydon, Manchester, and a children's concert in London. In an astonishing and puzzling way Delius's music seems to have died with its most devoted interpreter—which might be understandable if Sir Thomas Beecham had been the *only* conductor who ever played Delius, but he wasn't. He played him more often, and he played him better than the others did, but the public certainly didn't shut its ears to Delius when somebody else happened to conduct it.

The gramophone catalogues, however, are often gratifyingly independent of what goes on in the concert hall, and the

Philips' list is still full of Beecham's recordings of Delius. Among those which disappeared for a while and are now reissued in the "Classical Favourites" series is the 10-year-old performance of **Appalachia**—one of the most attractive and typical of Delius's longer works (one record, mono only). The theme of these "Variations on an old slave song" for orchestra and chorus has the advantage of being already familiar as the tune (more or less) of the Quartet in *Rigoletto*, a top pop in pre-Civil War Virginia.

The record also includes *An Arabesque*, a setting of a grim, wintery Danish poem for baritone, chorus and orchestra. It is an oddly untypical work, with none of those juicy harmonies that made Delius the idol of jazz musicians in the 1930s.

What Sir Thomas Beecham used to call his "lollipops" I suppose we should call Ernest Ansermet's *ssucrieries*. Four of the 80-year-old Swiss conductor's personal favourites—Ravel's **Bolero** and **La Valse**, Dukas' **Sorcerer's Apprentice** and Honegger's **Pacific 231**—are on a new Decca record (mono and stereo) which might conveniently have been called *Studies*

in *Crescendo* if it hadn't sounded so like a new suite by Dave Brubeck. The least familiar of Ansermet's four remarkably vigorous performances of works which all begin quietly and work up something shattering, is nowadays the Honegger piece, which is dedicated to the conductor. This musical study of the sensation of speed, not of speed itself, is so far the last of the famous transport pieces which include Mozart's *Sleigh Ride*, Debussy's *En bateau* and Sibelius's *Nightride and Sunrise*. And a bit of a period piece too, I fear, since what we British train spotters know better as the Pacific 4-6-2 has been modernised out of existence by the Beechings of one country or another.

Opera has suffered censorship all over the world in its time, but the censorship of music by composers quietly minding their own business in the concert hall is surely something that has only ever happened in modern Russia. Where the Nazis banned music on racial grounds, Stalin went around purging composers on musical grounds—a dangerous precedent which could lead one day to musicians purging politicians on political grounds, and not a moment too soon. At the time he was telling Shostakovich how to do his job, Stalin also gave Prokofiev the benefit of his experience and advice as teacher and critic. This, understandably, didn't put the composer in the best of humours and explains

the mood of his **Sixth Symphony**, now recorded for the first time by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (CBS—one record, mono and stereo). It is a powerful and moving piece, which relaxes only in the finale when Prokofiev's normal cheerfulness at last breaks out.

I don't know that the **Fourth Symphony** is in fact the shortest of Mahler's symphonies, but it always sounds like it. This may be because it is mercifully free from the gushing self-pity which seems essential to the enjoyment of music in our discontented age; or maybe because there are no trombones in the orchestra to make solemn noises. At any rate, it is pleasant to know that an attractive and popular work is now available on Decca's bargain Ace of Clubs label (one record, mono only), played by the late Eduard van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam where there has always been a great Mahler cult.

Decca's first volume of the **Edinburgh Folk Festival** (mono only) includes two Irish songs I literally learned in my cradle, for my father collected them. One of them is beautifully sung by a girl from Nottingham, of all places; the other, less so, by a Tynesider who persistently changes the tune for the worse. It is an interesting collection, nevertheless, and whatever you may think about this so-called "folk" movement, at least it keeps them in the pubs.

on galleries

EXCUSE ME, BUT DID YOUR STATUE MOVE?

The first time I saw a Pol Bury I blamed it on to an excellent lunch. The Thing, a construction of little, black-painted columns of wood, was hanging in a mixed exhibition at Gallery One (alas, now no more in North Audley Street) and looked at first no more exciting than any other black-painted construction. But, just as I was about to pass it by, one of the little columns moved, with the smooth purposefulness of a piece of naval artillery, and aimed itself at me. I said nothing at the time but it worried me a little. And it went on worrying me a little until last week when, at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, of all places, I encountered several more of Monsieur Bury's fascinating *structures vivants*.

They are the *pièces de résistance* in an exhibition called *Soundings One* sponsored by the Oxford University Art Club and organised by a keen young man, 21-year-old Paul Keeler, who is described as an actor

and is given heavy-type billing four times in the catalogue. Unfortunately, having succeeded in catching Monsieur Bury and several other lively sculptors of Paris's *avant garde*, Mr. Keeler has tucked their works away in a sort of booth and surrounded it by scores of paintings,

The more meritorious of the painters are Nena Saguil, Zarfin, David Gascoyne, but to get back to Bury, who in spite of the impression I may have given here seems to me to be an important artist.

Moving sculpture is not, of course, an entirely new thing but the type of movement which Bury has given to his is new. It is produced by electricity (each construction is plugged in to the normal electrical supply) but is mysteriously unmechanical. Sometimes it recalls those sequences in nature films in which plants grow visibly and flowers burst into bloom before our eyes. But more often there is an ele-

ment of menace in this quasi-vegetal growth.

Sometimes, as in his *Torque-mada's Garden* (in which the pistils of the flowers are viciously sharp nails) the menace is overt and real. At other times it is a subtle and undefinable menace that produces a wholly irrational sense of unease such as one may experience through reading science fiction. It is this quality that makes it impossible to dismiss Bury's work as just another gimmick. If movement can endow the simple forms of his constructions with such a quality what might it not do to the complex forms of a major sculptor like Henry Moore? May we not soon see electrically-powered moving sculptures incorporated in new buildings?

For 30 years before he died in 1961, aged 76, Mario Sironi was generally referred to as one of the leading figures of modern Italian painting. But only now, with the impressive retrospective exhibition at the new Grosvenor Gallery, in Mayfair, have we been able to see in this country enough of his work to make possible a personal assessment of just how "leading" he was. The 250 paintings and drawings on show date

from 1913 to his last years and cover all the major phases of his development—as a Futurist artist along with that movement's leaders, Severini, Boccioni, Balla and Carra, immediately before and at the beginning of the 1914-18 war; as a founder member of the Novecento movement which, in the 1920s, sought to reflect the post-war surge of Italian nationalism in an heroic manner that was eventually to degenerate into the official neo-classical banality sponsored by the Fascist state; as a mural artist collaborating with architects and, in the 1940s, as a passionate critic of the horrors and wastage of war.

His most important contribution to modern art, and the one for which he is most likely to be remembered, however, was the "invention" of the *moltiplicazione*, a composite painting in which the whole picture is made up of several self-contained smaller pictures. In these *moltiplicazioni* he was preoccupied with a complicated philosophical theory of time and space but the results (which it is claimed have influenced Henry Moore) are direct descendants of the simple, storytelling paintings of certain Italian Primitives.

J. ROGER BAKER

on opera

FROZEN MOMENTS

In a week that included Covent Garden's devastating *Tosca*, the revival, at Sadler's Wells, of Puccini's less dynamic *Girl of the Golden West*, held its own remarkably well. Oddly enough, the brilliance of Zeffirelli's direction at the larger house, far from making the Wells' efforts seem homespun, points up the professionalism of John Blatchley's work on an opera far more difficult to put over with conviction.

A modern audience, thanks to the cinema and television, is enormously sophisticated when it comes to Westerns: and even though this opera isn't a cowboy-type but a miner-type, certain clichés could well raise a laugh. It is a tribute to Mr. Blatchley that this happens only once—when the Sheriff (the admirable Raimund Herincx) foots open a door and enters, gun in hand and drawing at a dead cool cigar. Handling of the miners

(eight of the chorus are individuals) in the outer acts is smooth and one can barely discern the episodic nature of the opening scenes. The one flaw in the production is a tendency to what I can only describe as frozen moments when reactions are about half a bar behind the event: at one point startled looks are cast at a door just before it opens, and throughout entrances are anticipated in this way.

One can see why this particular corner of the West is Golden when it comes to the story—it's those acres of corn stretching in all directions. The theme is redemption through love and the power of forgiveness; the girl saves her lover from the lynch-mob by preaching forgiveness at them, which is pretty tender. But the story lacks guts and any real dramatic clash of personalities. There are, however, a number of individually valid situations,

notably when the Sheriff and the girl play poker in which the stakes are a man's life.

Elizabeth Fretwell is perfectly cast in the title role; sweet and womanly she portrays exactly the type a rough and lonely miner would wish to be mothered by and at the same time protect. There is a splendid touch of the Valkyrie in her voice suggesting her inner toughness. The tenor lead is woefully stiff in deportment but sounds well and Warwick Braithwaite conducts a luscious account of a score in which the promised big tune never emerges.

There are a number of frozen moments, too, in the revival of Mozart's *Idomeneo*, but that is part of the plan. It is a formal heroic opera and, as in the operas of Handel, leaves a director at a loss as to what to do with his characters during the long introductions to their arias. By cultivating slow, graceful movements and slow, graceful pacing Glen Byam Shaw solves the problem with a feeling for the style of the period. At other times, though, his attempts at realism—notably in the sailors' and

plague choruses—war with the essentially stately quality of the piece.

Idomeneo contains some of Mozart's loveliest music and one of his most sublime ensembles, the quartet *Andrò ramingo e solo*. Particularly arresting are the recitatives with orchestra which raise what are generally the dull moments of *opera seria* into a series of poignant human exchanges. The vocal standard is higher than on the opera's first appearance in 1962. Ava June spun a lovely, clear line in her three arias and John Wakefield is rapidly developing into a fine tenor. It will be interesting to see these two together in *La Traviata* next month. Rae Woodland in the coloratura role of Electra offered the most polished singing and the chorus sounded much better than it looked. Colin David conducted, giving a rather romantic view of the score and, after some *longueurs* in the first act, added vitality too without sacrificing any of the orchestral detail. This is a valuable opportunity to hear a generally unfamiliar Mozart opera, nearer in feeling to his sacred music than any of his other dramatic work.



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The soft sell is making a take-over bid for your face. This fresh feminine face with hair in controlled sweet disarray is a logical step away from the bright young thing with ruler-straight hair. It means you can't possibly manage without the hairdresser, it means brush-outs at least twice a week and it means people will start calling you pretty again. It means skin in such nurtured condition that a soft smear of colourless foundation and a wisp of powder is enough to

reveal rather than conceal. Personality make a baby pink colourless foundation that keeps the skin dewy. Also recommended is their Turtle Oil skin food. It means a soap and water cleanliness. If even a bland soap leaves skin feeling tight and dry, try one of the soap creams that are packed in a tube and lather on with water. Max Factor's new one, called Cosmetic soap is gentle and cleansing. It means making use of the mask to stimulate the skin.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Relax beauty mask is extra kind and revitalising on even a dry skin. It pulls off all in one piece like a thin rubber glove revealing an outdoor fresh skin. It means picking eye make-up in ladylike colours—smoke rather than black, forget-me-not rather than navy blue, willow in preference to grass green. It means surrounding yourself in summerday scents. Guerlain's Chant d'Aromes, Chanel's Bois des Iles, Caron's Muguet des Bois.

DINING IN

FISH FOR LENT

If everyone could be induced to grill cod steaks or cutlets on one side only, without turning them, I am sure that cod would be so popular that we might sometimes have difficulty in getting it. It is the most delicious of all fish—and that includes salmon, sole and turbot. I would want it to be English inshore cod which is the best but, failing that, fresh cod from far-away seas would still be better than many other fish if cooked in the simplest way. I have written this many times, but many people are still not convinced.

Do not use the grid: and never turn the fish. That is the secret of moist grilled steaks and cutlets. I have never been able to grill them successfully on a grid, turning them during cooking, because, inevitably, they break. I suggest that you try the following method.

For preference, buy steaks cut from the tail end. They are smaller and more compact than the "open" ones from farther along the fish and can be cut in thickish rounds. For 4 cod steaks, place at least 3 oz. of butter in the grill pan and let it melt as the grill heats up. Place the steaks in the butter and at once turn them so that both sides are coated with it.

Sprinkle the steaks generously with salt, pepper and flour. If you let some of the flour drop into the pan it will give

the desired golden finish to the steaks. Place the steaks under the grill and baste them several times during the cooking. The moment you find that the butter in the pan is beginning to stick, trickle 2 to 3 tablespoons of hot water down the sides into it and tip the pan this way and that to soak off the buttery juices. Baste again. Once the steaks are well coloured, lower the heat and finish the cooking. I give 1-inch thick steaks about 15 minutes in all.

You must remember that while the grill heat is cooking the steaks from above, the pan itself, on which the heat is striking down, is cooking the fish from underneath. No need, therefore, to turn the steaks.

Lift the steaks on to a heated serving-dish. Add a tablespoon of freshly chopped parsley to the buttery juice in the pan and spoon it over the fish. Or, instead, add a little more butter to the pan and turn into it well-drained cooked rice (4 to 6 oz. raw), a handful of cooking peas and a few chopped pimientos (the last two as much for their attractive colours as their flavour) and warm them through over a medium heat.

I often add a can of sweet corn kernels containing also chopped green and red sweet peppers. If I have any double cream on hand, I add a tablespoon or two of it to the veget-

ables before heating them through. There is a new Findus frozen vegetable mixture composed of sweet corn, peas and tomatoes which goes very well with fish.

So do spinach and grilled mushrooms and tomatoes. Cook and chop a packet of the best frozen leaf spinach and turn it in cream or a little Mornay sauce. If mushrooms and tomatoes are to be served, place them around the steaks in the grill pan and cook them at the same time. First, spoon some of the melted butter into the caps of washed but unpeeled good-sized mushrooms. Halve large tomatoes, dip them in the butter, season them to taste and sprinkle them with flour. This last will absorb top moisture so that you get nicely browned surfaces.

I sometimes grill halibut steaks and serve them in the same way.

Fillets of cod, haddock and hake are best grilled on the cut side only. Whole fish have to be turned. Sole is skinned on the dark side only. Scrape the white side and grill it first. Grill herring on the grid because their oil can be difficult to digest and it is well to allow it to drain away.

Salt cod has all but disappeared from the usual shops but one can still buy it, nearly all the year round, at certain Continental stores. Whatever you do with salt cod, it must first of all be soaked for about 24 hours. Choose thick white fillets. Wash them. Cover them with cold water and change it every four hours during daylight.

BRANDADE DE MORUE, a Lenten dish in much of France, used to

be a job for a strong-armed man. With an electric blender, however, this classic salt cod dish makes little work. For 4 servings, soak 1 lb. of salt cod fillets in the usual way. Cut them into several pieces, cover with cold water and poach them for 8 to 9 minutes. Drain well. Remove skin and bones and place the flesh in the blender with 3 oz. of mashed dried potatoes. Start the blender.

Warm together for a few minutes one-third pint of olive oil, 1 to 2 crushed cloves of garlic and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of thick cream. Remove the garlic and add the liquid in a steady stream to the fish and potatoes. The idea is to keep the mixture fairly warm, so you may have to heat it. If so, and if the mixture has "packed" as anything puréed in the blender may do, remove it to a pan and whisk over a very low heat. Lastly, season to taste.

Turn the mixture on to a heated serving-dish and garnish it with small triangles of crustless bread, first fried in a little butter.

American SALT COD CAKES are simple and very good. Follow the same routine for soaking and poaching 1 lb. of salt cod, for 4 persons. After discarding skin and bones, flake the fish and mix it with 1 lb. of mashed potatoes. Add 1 to 2 oz. of butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of grated nutmeg and freshly milled pepper to taste. Bind with a beaten egg. Form into flat round cakes or croquettes, pass through beaten egg and then fine breadcrumbs, and brown on both sides in very hot oil or lard.

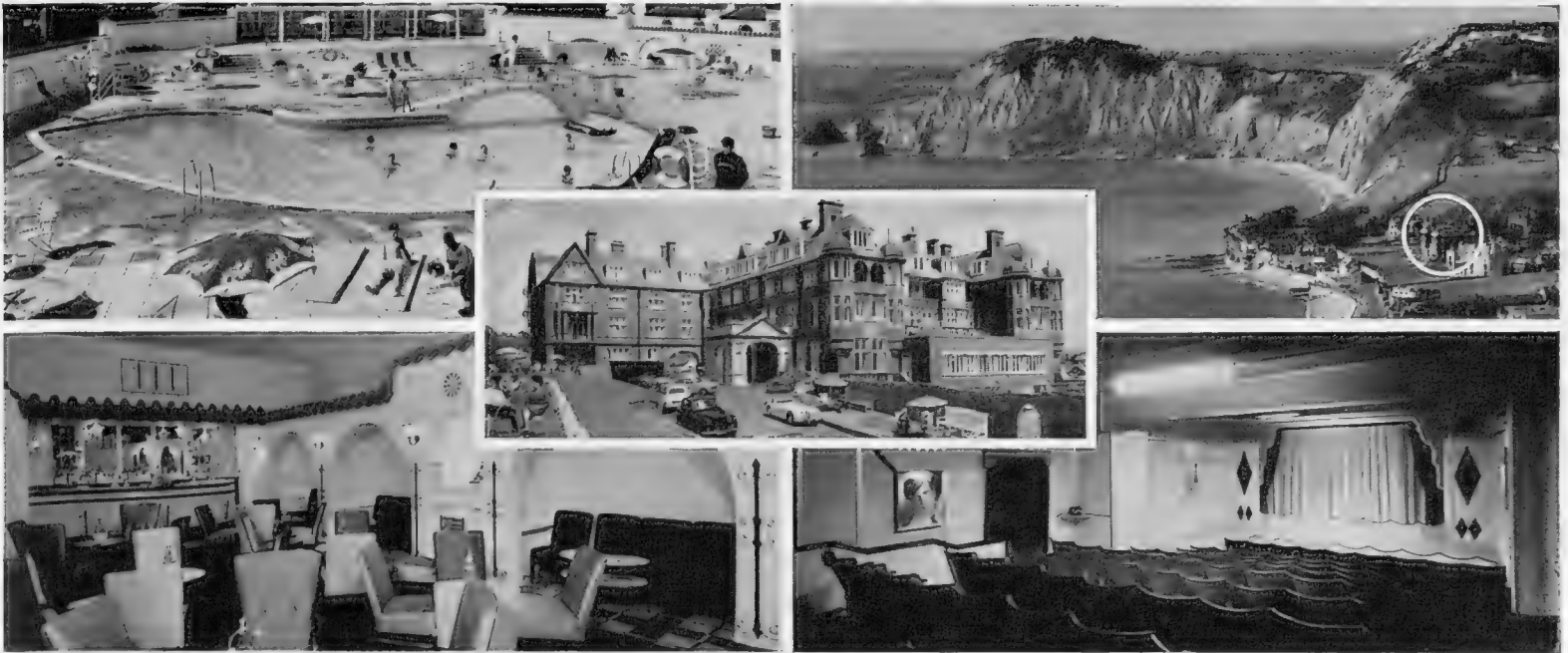
Other people's children

1 Victoria (2 $\frac{1}{2}$), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Lynch, at their home in Kensington Park Road, W.

2 Sara (6), Timothy (1) and Clare (2 $\frac{1}{2}$), children of the Hon. William and Mrs. Lloyd-George, of Triggs, Crondall, Farnham, Surrey



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3 Miss Margot Smith to Mr. Patrick Field Till: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Rowland Smith, of The Old Rectory, Swinhope, Lincoln. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Noel O. Till, of The Old Rectory, Hotham, York*

4 Miss Sheila Anne Lowther to Mr. John Carleton Paget: *She is the daughter of Captain & Mrs. G. H. Lowther, of Holdenby House, Northamptonshire. He is the son of the late Mr. Guy Carleton Paget and of Mrs. Edward Hope, of Ibstock Close, Little Tew, Oxfordshire*

5 Miss Janet Mary Organe to Mr. Henry Francis Oakeley: *She is the daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Organe, of Burghley Road, S.W.19. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Rowland Oakeley, of Mount Harry Road, Sevenoaks, Kent*

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THE S OF SUCCESS

The idea of any model in the Austin or Morris range being a serious contender for honours in the international competition world would have seemed almost unthinkable a year or two back. But today the Mini Cooper is on the list of Monte Carlo Rally winners, and the flow of orders has increased to a flood at Longbridge. It was a notable achievement by Paddy Hopkirk and his co-driver Henry Liddon, for only five times in the 53 years' history of the event has a British crew in a British car beaten all opposition from a dozen countries. This year the competition included super-powered American cars backed by apparently unlimited U.S. dollars. But the sums they spent, to say nothing of their opposite numbers in France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia—even Russia—are chickenfeed when one considers the benefits that can accrue from *un grand succès*.

Saab of Sweden has experience of what this can mean in sales, and though Erik Carlsson's effort failed this year to make the hat trick he and his wife, Pat Moss, who won the Coupe des Dames for the fourth time, have done Saab sales in 1964 a power of good. To the British Motor Corporation, with both the outright win and the manufacturers' team prize in the bag, the boost from Monte Carlo will probably be fantastic. Reflected glory will probably help the other marques in

B.M.C.'s stable into the bargain.

The Mini Cooper has been called a wolf cub in sheep's clothing, because it looks almost the same as the regular Minis which sell for £448. The Cooper version has, however, a larger engine developing 55 b.h.p., and the S-type, (which Hopkirk drove) is a little larger still at 1,071 c.c. It has benefited too from the wide experience which the Cooper firm (father and son in a smallish way of business at Surbiton) has gained on the race tracks. This S-type engine produces 15 more b.h.p. than the normal Mini Cooper, has a maximum speed of about 97 m.p.h. and is extremely fast under any road conditions. The well-planned four-speed gearbox and rubber suspension suits it to almost any kind of going in competition work. The disc brakes at the front are a little larger on the S-type than on the regular Mini-Cooper. Repeated use does not bring on fading, a driver's nightmare on those twisting mountain passes that feature in rallies. With so much power under the bonnet, good road-holding and steering are essential, and the Mini system of a

transversely placed engine driving the front wheels copes admirably. In the hands of an expert the little car can be hurled around corners, and the technique known as "throttle on" keeps it controllable on tight bends taken at speed. Fuel consumption is naturally heavier than with the other Mini models, and when driven hard the S-type would average only about 26-27 miles per gallon compared with the 34-35 of the normal Mini Cooper and anything between 38 and 50 of the Austin or Morris "cooking" types, as the cognoscenti call them.

One has, of course, to pay more for the high performance models; Cooper Minis cost £568, the S-type £695 (all prices inclusive of purchase tax). There are, however, many buyers who will gladly pay the extra in order to ooze past the complacent owners of other and big-engined cars, including many of far more sporting appearance than the homely Mini. In addition, the amount of space inside all these B.M.C. Minis is remarkable, bearing in mind that overall length is only a quarter inch more than 10 feet. The front seats are, admittedly

rather upright and there is not over much legroom for a tall driver even with the seat pushed right back. Room at the back is better than on many a bigger car, and the boot holds a certain amount of luggage. Instrumentation is none too generous and the S-type would benefit from a tachometer, as the engine runs up to high revs. but ought not to be consistently over-driven, especially on the intermediate gears. One can get just over 60 m.p.h. in second gear and above 80 in third, while under favourable conditions the speedometer on top will reach the 100 m.p.h. mark, which is about 97 genuine m.p.h., representing some 6,500 r.p.m. on the engine's part—quite enough for a one-litre car intended to serve as a tractable shopping-cum-touring vehicle in its less lurid moments. Though in a state of high tune the engine makes itself both felt and heard, the S-type, like the other Minis, can behave prettily in traffic. It really is—and this goes for all of the variants—a most remarkable effort on the part of the British motor industry, and B.M.C. in particular under its virile and enterprising direction.

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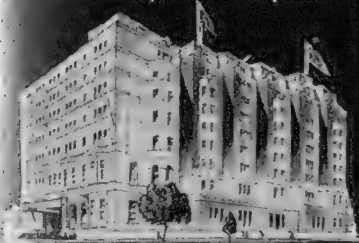
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MAN'S WORLD

GIVING WITH A GIMMICK

Whenever I go shopping in the Knightsbridge area I feel someone is assaulting my reason. Last time it was a candle priced at £76. Well, I don't know anyone who would pay that much for a candle, even if it did burn for 365 days like this one, but there it was in Harrods. It was in the fabled food halls, which may be a clue—perhaps it's edible and made out of processed caviar.

It's getting worse, too. Today I went to John Michael's new gift shop at 62 Knightsbridge, and the first thing I was shown was a bottle of Teacher's whisky. The manager turned the cap, and I thought that it was hospitality time. But instead of a tot of Hebridean wine, I was treated to a few bars of light music, courtesy of the B.B.C.; the bottle contained a transistor radio, and cost 22 guineas, or roughly the price of a case of Scotch. The cap in this case is both switch and tuner.

Well, that's the kind of shop this is—gimmicks galore, liberally salted with some highly desirable presents that John Michael is importing from America as well as Europe. The American things show the national preoccupa-

tion with personalization and gracious living—there is a golf-ball monogrammer, for example, and a shower head attachment that adjusts the shower from a coarse to a needle-fine jet. Road safety concerns the Americans, too, as well it might—their accident rate is even higher than ours. So John Michael offers a battery-operated breakdown reflector, a revolving red eye that stands by the offside of the car, seven guineas.

How about battery-heated socks this winter? These too come from the USA. The battery hangs on a belt, and round one stomps. Ideal for shooting, these socks and the power-pack cost seven guineas. Another US offering—three books, *Poems for the john*, *Jokes for the john* and, presumably by popular request, *More jokes for the john*. The john in question isn't John Michael, either.

The items from Italy are

rather more sophisticated. My own choice is a black calf document case lined in suede. Very James Bond; if there are sovereigns or tear gas bombs hidden inside, they are well hidden. Switzerland is rather naturally represented by clocks and watches—the clocks being the handsome Secticon ones, battery operated and extremely accurate. The movement is quite fascinating. The watches follow the modern trend towards an uncluttered dial; my own favourite is square, has no numerals or batons whatsoever, a black calf strap and a 95-guinea pricetag. There are eight-day wall clocks, too, shaped like big Victorian pocket watches. And for people like myself who are trying to give up smoking, the combined alarm clock and cigarette drum might serve a useful purpose if set to ring, say, every two hours.

There are plenty of things

disguised to look like something else (and how's that for a definition of a gimmick?) A desk pencil sharpener that looks like a fishing reel, a table lighter that looks like a derringer, decanters and glasses concealed inside a pile of books, gambling chips hidden inside bottles. There are useful tool kits inside leather cases of varying size; several splendid chess sets in carved wood or alabaster mounted with gilt, electric table lighters and tooth brushes, and a wall-mounted "fire station" with a glass front designed to be broken with a little hammer. Inside is a small fire-extinguisher ready for instant action.

Ubiquity being John Michael's watchword, this is the fifth shop he has opened in London. In a sense it's the sixth, since there is a clothes shop the other side of the entrance to Silver City House. The clothes sold here are the same as in other branches—that is to say, they're pretty interesting.

Oh, and about that candle. I've managed to rationalize it in my own mind. It's just the present for the prelate who has everything.

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